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(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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The first volume of the Memoirs comprises the *ancien régime* from 1755, the year in which Barras was born, to the Revolution, and thence to the Constitution of the Year III. (1795)—i. e., to the Directional Government. M. Duruy devotes the greater part of his preface to this volume to demonstrating that Napoleon was, indeed, the leading spirit of the siege of Toulon, a glory of which Barras tries to rob him. Of particular interest in these pages is the clear account of the affair of the necklace, which shows again what an amazing simpleton the "wicked" Cardinal de Rohan must have been. Barras saw at once that Cagliostro was a charlatan—but then, it is so easy to confuse hindsight with foresight in memoirs that we keep with us until our death. The narrative of his visit to Robespierre is too long to be quoted, but is

well worth reading in full; the portrait of the "tiger-cat of the Revolution," forming the frontispiece of this volume, effectively contradicts the amiable writer's statement that he saw a strong likeness between Robespierre and Napoleon. A little out of place chronologically is an excellent *bon mot* of Dr. Corona, "one of the most distinguished of Italy's sons, who had been President of the Directory of the Roman Republic." "A painting by David of the coronation of Napoleon was exposed at the *Salon* shortly after the first Russian campaign. The picture hung opposite the Battle of Eylau, by Gros. Dr. Corona, on entering the *Salon*, exclaimed aloud in an outburst of temper on seeing these pictures face to face, 'Coronation and slaughter [*sacre et massacre*]' That is truly he in two volumes!"

The second volume is occupied with the period from the establishment of the Directory to the 18th Fructidor, and in it occur the passages that brand Barras as an irredeemable scoundrel. M. Duruy advances his reasons for publishing them, and indulges in a flight of eloquence that hardly appeals to Anglo-Saxon good taste; but the question remains, why did he publish this vile chapter? Enough is known of Joséphine's life in Paris before she met Bonaparte, to make additional, and evidently exaggerated and malignant, details superfluous. Bonaparte, according to Barras, was constantly on the look-out for an advantageous marriage, thinking that he could *parvenir par les femmes*. To reach his aim, he was willing to overlook the past of the woman who would marry him—nay, more, he was willing that that past should be her present, if in that way she could further his plans and aspirations. Napoleon thought that Joséphine was rich, says Barras, and that she had been, nay, was still, Barras's mistress; therefore he married her. This period in the great Corsican's life is rather obscure, although the evidence of history points almost conclusively to his ardent love for the beautiful Creole and his belief in her purity; in fact, as M. Duruy points out, the Memoirs themselves furnish proof of the falsity of this accusation. It is worthy of notice, however, that the charge of venality where women were concerned has been made against many of the men of the house of Bonaparte; and it followed Napoleon III. from his dark days of London to his brilliant throne. For the rest, these Memoirs are undoubtedly of great historical value. Barras had a sharp eye as well as a sharp pen. He was in the midst of it all, lived through the Terror in constant danger of the guillotine, and saw the sordid inside of the great upheaval that ushered in the *régime moderne*. Lauding his own part in the history of that period, belittling that of others, throwing a little mud here and a little venom there, he follows the course of events closely, and furnishes a highly valuable commentary that should be read, however, in the light of other commentaries and memoirs, and questioned at every step. His malicious wit is often amusing, as in the case of Talleyrand, who, he says, looked like Robespierre; and the latter, as we have mentioned above, looked, he thought, like Napoleon. The two volumes yet to come, we are sure, will be expected impatiently by others besides ourselves.

The two volumes before us are handsomely printed and bound, and contain portraits of Robespierre, Danton, Barras and Joséphine, plans of the siege of Toulon and a facsimile of the appeal to arms written on the night of the 9th Thermidor, year II. (1794), with Robespierre's unfinished signature and the blood spots dropped on it from his shattered jaw. But if ever book needed an index, it is this one; the student will miss it at every page.

"Outre Mer"

By Paul Bourget. Charles Scribner's Sons.

WALTER BAGEHOT'S definition of academies as "asylums of the ideas and tastes of the last age" would seem to be justified in the prejudices which a talented member of the French Academy found it impossible to lay aside in his discussion of the American people. M. Bourget travelled over the length and breadth of our land and saw nothing but the blatant Yankee of stage tradition. He came prepared to refer us all to an established norm, and, trained observer as he undoubtedly is, found the effort but the accomplishment of a *tour de force*. He has fallen into the pit dug for most superficial political observers and inexperienced travellers, in taking the people by whom he found himself surrounded to be types of the whole nation. In descriptive analysis of that which is visible to the physical eye he is inimitable, for in such effects he has won his fame as a novelist. His picture of the trans-Atlantic voyage and the people on the steamer is the very best of its kind, and we find fault with M. Bourget only because he seems never to have broadened his steamer point of view. There he saw everything at a glance, but ashore—in New York, Newport, Chicago, or where you will,—a deeper insight, a previous study and preparation are expected from a commentator before his criticism can command respectful attention. Only in the power of recording what he has chanced to notice does this French author differ from other hurrying tourists who have published their American hotel and railway experiences.

M. Bourget is not altogether responsible for his failure to understand us. The merest glance through his book is sufficient to reveal the fact that he seems never to have got within the doors of a representative of the large class of conservative Americans of refinement and education who should be best qualified to typify their country. The reason for this exclusion is not far to seek, for M. Bourget was preceded *outré mer* by his reputation. We had read his books and knew him only from them, and it is not likely that a man could introduce into his home an author, however distinguished, with whose work a healthy-minded woman cannot be acquainted. M. Bourget formed his elaborately superficial estimate of our social life at Newport from the very froth of the wave of plutocratic society, and his conclusions are distasteful in an almost natural consequence. It will be a long time before an American of any grade will accept a Frenchman's estimate of his womankind, especially that of a man who sums them up as possessing "a chaste depravity." M. Bourget emanates none of the clear, white light to us that his master Taine threw upon English society. He makes no broad study of our environment, such as has enabled Mr. Bryce to hold a mirror to our nation. His point of view is consistently narrow and imperturbably French. Almost the only novelists he selects for comment are those who model themselves upon M. Paul Bourget and his *confères*—the diseased analysts of forbidden passion; and we have read his book to learn nothing new of our countrymen, nothing to give pause to our national propensities.

There is not a little just animadversion upon our "feverish restlessness," an undoubted and disturbing characteristic of our cis-Atlantic development; but M. Bourget seems to have learnt nothing more of this than the current European estimate of our travelling compatriot. Yet he had great opportunities of observation while here. An American loves nothing better than to act as a national showman, and our "sights" were shown to M. Bourget with unctuous enjoyment. What he saw in the prisons, the schools and universities, in the slums and in the farming counties, is depicted with the exquisite art we expected. Nor was he deprived of an appreciative acquaintance with the "great American liar," though he seems to have failed to understand the kind of humorous delight in shocking a foreigner which prompted the young American girl to extol the joys of being a youthful widow in the exclamation, "I wish I might be married to a

man who would be struck dead on the way back from church!" This young person is made to prove that the American woman does not understand love. M. Bourget was studiously credulous of every picturesque justification of his preconceived theories of what is "American," from hog-killing in Chicago to casual murder and sudden death at the South. After all is said, it is M. Bourget's very training which unfits him for the writing of a national appreciation. He is essentially a Frenchman, and more a Parisian, of whom Zola has recently said:—"We have no broad views. We concern ourselves only with the fireside, the club and the asphalt. We rarely acquire other languages, and as a rule read no literature but our own." A man with such an equipment can be forgiven for his failure, though we find it difficult to condone the impertinence of the attempt. At all events, M. Bourget has been given to understand what we think of his observations among us in no uncertain voice. He is the most important person we have had to deal with in this capacity for some time, and it may be said in conclusion, that he certainly has not paved the way for a cordial welcome in America to another of his kind.

It was another Frenchman who said that most of the evils of life arise from man's being unable to sit still in a room. We would suggest this to M. Bourget, with the additional proviso that it be a room at home.

"From the Greeks to Darwin"

An Outline of the Development of the Evolution Idea. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Macmillan & Co.

PROF. OSBORN has properly enough commenced his Columbia University Biological Series with a volume which, as he tells us in his preface, has grown out of lectures delivered in Princeton in 1890 upon the period between Buffon and Darwin, and completed in a fuller course delivered in Columbia in 1893. This "fuller course," as exhibited in the present volume, begins, as the title of the book might suggest, with the Greek physicists, from Empedocles, who suggested the four elements, as he deemed them—fire, air, earth and water—to Aristotle, whose almost modern conceptions laid, as the author insists, "the very foundation-stones of the Evolution idea," including the inference of "a single chain of evolution from the polyps to man." How this conception survived, not only through the middle ages and in the writings of eminent Christian Fathers and schoolmen, but in the works of later philosophers and naturalists, from Leibnitz to Buffon and Goethe, is clearly and effectively shown in the subsequent chapters. How suddenly and completely, to all appearances, it was stifled in the early part of the present century, is also shown. But this result is strangely ascribed to the "almost unbounded influence" of Cuvier. It was really due to the hostile influence of theological sentiment, needlessly alarmed for the Biblical cosmology. The age of Galileo seemed to have returned, with the difference that Protestant and Catholic alike joined in the ignorant hue and cry, the former with by far the greater violence.

How formidable this influence was, and what terror it inspired even in the strongest minds, may be judged from a passage in a letter from Darwin to Hooker, written in January, 1844:—"I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (*it is like confessing a murder*) immutable." Fifteen years later, the "Origin of Species" was published, and the murder was out. Prof. Osborn has deprived his book of much of the personal interest it might have gained from an account of the turbulent reception which that work encountered, with its theory's hard "struggle for existence," and its final triumph. But he describes very fairly the changes in Darwin's views which the various subsequent editions of the work revealed, changes which, if they derogated somewhat from his prestige as an apostle of science, certainly added much to his reputation for candor and open-mindedness. In a similar temper Prof.

Osborn closes his book with the frank declaration:—"It is for the future to determine whether the predecessors of Darwin and Darwin himself, in the principle to which he gave a life of thought, have fully answered the old, old problem, or whether we shall look for another Newton in our philosophy of Nature." By the "old problem" we are evidently to understand, not the principle of Evolution itself, but the way in which it is manifested in nature. If a writer like Prof. Osborn, who is a staunch evolutionist, avows his doubt on this point, other more conservative reasoners that still question the principle itself may reasonably expect toleration. But this consideration cannot fairly be claimed by those who refuse to tolerate even the free discussion of the principle.

"Socialism"

By Robert Flint, Professor in the University of Edinburgh. J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALTHOUGH THIS WORK can hardly be looked upon as a noteworthy contribution to the scientific literature of socialism, it still is a good and valuable book. It belongs to a somewhat large class of works on the same subject written by literary people, clergymen and professors, and addressed to the general public rather than to strict specialists. It has the general tone to be expected in the work of a Scotch professor of divinity. The standpoint is theistic, even decidedly Christian, and socialism is vigorously arraigned and uncompromisingly condemned on economic, political, moral and religious grounds. Yet the spirit of the book is fair, and most readers will consider the case pretty well made out. The style is clear, forceful, rhythmical; the pages are saturated with the color and spirit of a broad and ample scholarship. Even in the details of technical economics there are no noteworthy inaccuracies. The most serious defect of the work is its lack of compactness. It has not been sufficiently worked over. It is like an athlete just back from his vacation. The superfluous flesh is not trained off. Long supplemental notes, especially, are a blemish in a work of this character. If essential to the argument, they ought to be incorporated into the text. If needed only for the satisfaction of more advanced students of the subject, it would seem better to substitute references to technical works wherein the fuller treatment can be found. Of the eleven chapters, with supplemental notes, the first is devoted to a definition of socialism; the second gives a historical sketch of its development. In the third we have a discussion of those fundamental principles of social philosophy which are involved in the socialistic controversy. Chapters four to seven contain the more strictly economic part of the discussion; in the eighth and ninth we have the sociological and political aspects of the subject, and chapters ten and eleven close the book with a discussion of the relation of socialism to morality and religion.

The first chapter makes the least favorable impression. To define socialism as "any theory of social organization which sacrifices the legitimate liberties of the individual to the will or interests of the community" is surely a blunder. Very little light is furnished as to the real nature of the system, and serious doubts as to the author's fairness are at once awakened in the mind of the reader. To prove or disprove that socialism "sacrifices the legitimate liberties of the individual" is, of course, one of the most important duties of a writer on the subject, and it strikes the reader as a bit of sharp practice, when this idea is worked into the definition. Prof. Flint, indeed, anticipates this objection, and admits that his definition is really a thesis which he must prove, and which he intends to prove; but the general impression made on the mind of the reader is distinctly unfavorable. The economic portions of the book show a wide and accurate knowledge of the literature of the subject. The author occupied for a number of years the chair of philosophy and political economy at Edinburgh, and has kept abreast of the times. He finds no difficulty in comprehending the argument

of socialism, and meets that argument in the fashion of modern political economy, which has learned to give to utility its proper place in a theory of value. The exposition and refutation of Marx's theory of surplus value is excellent. The defense of the wage system and of private property in land is strong and convincing.

But to specialists, the most interesting portions of the book will naturally be those discussions of fundamental principles, and of the relations of socialism to politics, morality and religion, which may be lumped together under the name of social philosophy. The author's well-known attainments in philosophy, and especially in the philosophy of history, give much weight to whatever he has to say in these directions. The third chapter and portions of the eighth, ninth and tenth are particularly valuable in this regard. The position taken with reference to the limits of political action is that which is gaining general acceptance. However convenient it might be as a labor-saving device for indolent statesmen, an all-inclusive formula from which may be determined whether or not interference in a given case is legitimate, can never be found. Governments must be content to study in detail each particular case and act accordingly. The author takes a moderate and reasonable position, also, with reference to the question of the rights of property, as well as regarding rights in general. While entirely opposed to socialism and to the modern legal philosophy which denies the existence of all natural rights, he is just as heartily opposed to the idea that these rights are absolute and unlimited. Men are stewards of the wealth in their possession—stewards of God and society. Limits always have been set and always must be set to the rights of property, to the right of free action, and to all other rights.

"History of the Jews"

By Prof. H. Graetz. Vol. IV. Phila.: Jewish Pub. Soc. of America.

THIS VOLUME extends from the rise of the Kabbala to the permanent settlement of the Jews in Holland, that is, from 1270 to 1618 A. D. Graetz is severe towards the Spanish Kabbalists, and especially condemns Abulafia, who enlarged the magical element of the Kabbala by the invention of the mathematical method of interpretation, and also went to Rome to convert the Pope to Judaism. A sketch of the famous book "Zohar" and its author, Moses de Leon, is given. The rabbi is pronounced a charlatan; and his great work, upon which the theosophists of to-day, following Eliphas Levi (the Abbé Constant), rely for much of their metaphysics, is characterized as "absurd, blasphemous and immoral." This period seems to have been one of contention and prolific sectarianism among the Jews in Spain, France and Germany. Consequent upon these intestinal polemics, the expulsion of the Jews from France by Philip the Fair, and their persecution in Germany, the star of Hebrew intellectual activity stood over Italy, where Kalonymus, the Jewish Rabelais, and Immanuel Romi, the Jewish Heine, as Graetz calls him, and the contemporary and acquaintance of Dante, were producing literature unshackled by the Talmud. An exception to the general decadence of Jewish *littérateurs* in France was the great Gersonides, the precursor of Spinoza, who exercised little influence in his own day. The Black Death in the middle of the fourteenth century gave rise to a general and frightful persecution of the Jews throughout the continent. Notwithstanding that this century saw Jews rise to some high offices and political influence in Spain and France, disintegrating influences were at work, which by the middle of the following century deeply debased Jewry both intellectually and socially.

Indifference and apostasy began to increase. A few bright lights are discernible in the firmament of humanism, and it is clear that Jewish influence was powerful in forming the mental character of some of the Protestant reformers. From mediæval Judaism, Protestantism inherited the theory of literal inspiration. In addition to this, the Christian Biblical

scholars of the time were too prone to accept the traditional Hebrew teaching concerning the authorship of the Hebrew Scriptures. No part of this volume, by the way, is more interesting than that where Graetz describes the rôle played by the Jews in humanism and earlier Protestantism. The violent controversy of the Christians over the Talmud will strike the modern reader as a trifle grotesque, but it demonstrates the strong influence that Judaism still exercised in the intellectual world. We may well question Graetz's statement that the surging movement in the Christian world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was unfelt by the Jews of the time. It is worthy of note that at this time there was another epidemic of Jewish messiahs, most important of whom were David Reubeni and Molcho. Then was the golden age of Kabbalism. Protestants vied with Catholics in insisting upon the alternative of Christian baptism or expulsion of the Jews, at the end of the sixteenth century. With the admission of the Jews into Holland began for them the dawning of a better day. Once more wealth, culture and position became theirs, as they had formerly been in Spain and Italy. The pages still to follow, if not so picturesque with ghettos, messiahs and mystics, will be less depressing. It is needless for us to repeat what we have already said concerning the importance and unique value of this history of the Jews written by one of them. Graetz was a scholar and somewhat liberal in his religious sympathies; yet at all times he remains distinctly a Jew in his point of view. When he denounces the bigotry and narrow literalism of his people, he remembers at the same time the glory of Israel.

"A Story of Courage"

By George Parsons and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THIS IS NOT a story of the clash of war, nor of garments dyed in the blood of the battle-field, yet it is a story of physical as well as moral bravery, a story of patience, of love, of self-denial and of holy service. It is a story, also, of suffering at the hands of bigotry and intolerance, even while the bigots and persecutors proclaimed themselves fierce champions of religious liberty. From the manuscript records in the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the narrators have compiled these annals of holy life, character and achievement. Unfortunately, like the works of too many Protestant writers, these pages are disfigured by proofs of sectarian narrowness and traces of old bigotry and new zeal imperfectly mellowed. Yet, perhaps this is impossible to avoid while human nature is what it is. Those who have been in Washington, and have seen the exterior of the Georgetown Convent, or visited it, will all the more enjoy the opening chapter describing the edifices and the grounds. We are next treated to a history of the establishment of the Order of the Visitation, which, having been established in France by St. Francis de Sales, was established in this country in the State of Maryland, by the Jesuits. In telling the story of Protestant intolerance in Maryland, Mr. Lathrop naturally gives a rather one-sided account and uses largely the vocabulary of the great sect in the Universal Church of Christ to which he belongs. Still, the reading is wholesome for those readers who imagine that persecution in Christian time has been almost exclusively exercised by those who acknowledge the Pope as their father in God. The annals of the Georgetown Convent, from the foundress, Miss Alice Lalor, down to the present Mother Superior, Fidelis McMenamin, show that a very large number of young ladies from the very best Southern families have been educated in its school, and that many a beautiful and accomplished woman has, for the sake of conscience and God, renounced all worldly charms and pleasures in order to accept the discipline of this religious system. Especially fascinating is the story of "Sister Stanny," the daughter of Commodore Jones; and so, also, is the narrative of the daughter of Gen. Winfield Scott. The same, however, may

be said of other nuns who were not so widely known. The book is well named.

"Rational Building"

Being a Translation of the Article "Construction" in the "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française" of M. Eugène-Emanuel Viollet-le-Duc. By George Martin Huss. Macmillan & Co.

AS THE FRENCH GOTHIC is the most logical and scientific of all architectural styles, so are the writings of M. Viollet-le-Duc the most intelligent and instructive upon architectural subjects. Probably no man has ever learned so much about the style ogival, and it is certain that none has ever given to the world such voluminous benefit of his learning in this field as the great Frenchman. That marvellous period between the middle of the twelfth century and the end of the thirteenth undoubtedly saw the zenith of man's building genius, when the mighty wave of architectural activity which found its motive force in the Ile de France advanced, spreading its influence over the whole of Europe, leaving behind it those stupendous monuments which have been and ever will be the admiration and the inspiration of subsequent generations of architects. The enthusiasm which inspired the builders of the Age of Faith was deep, indeed. The theories which were externalized in the construction of a Gothic cathedral were most subtle, and centuries elapsed before the task was undertaken of exploring those long hidden mines, and of bringing to the light of day reasons and rules for what seemed miraculous. But Fate, who is supposed to raise up men equal to great occasions, played her part well at this point, when she chose Viollet-le-Duc to write the "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française."

Of this great work perhaps no part is more comprehensive, more instructive, than the long chapter on Construction. Replete with illustrative material, this monograph covers the broadest considerations and the minutest details of the principles of Gothic construction. So much for the mission of Viollet-le Duc. To place the fruit of the study and research of so great an authority within the reach of thousands, who are not able to read the works of this gifted author in his native tongue, is certainly to perform an act of munificence, and one more step in this direction, and one of great importance, has been taken by Mr. Huss in this translation. He has performed his task most conscientiously, never swerving from the content or meaning of the text; and great has been his success, considering the poverty of our English architectural vocabulary in comparison with the rich fullness of French in that department of science—a consideration that should favor the adoption of the French words in the many instances where an English equivalent is wanting. The book reproduces the original illustrations and must prove, in every way, a valuable addition to the architectural library, either as a text-book or for general reading.

"The Colonial Cavalier"

By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

TO THOSE AMERICANS whose knowledge of the race characteristics of their countrymen in distant localities is chiefly derived from novels (a not inconsiderable class) we would seriously commend this book. The author is a sane and sound writer, ambitious, evidently, of attaining that style which Walter Bagehot has called "animated moderation." She treats of facts in her study of the Southron, brushing away the popular conception of the "Virginia gentleman" of the olden time, "always powdered and be-ruffled, living in lordly state in a baronial mansion, or dancing in the brilliant halls of fashion in the season at the capital," by calling attention to the fact that the "capital" was a straggling village, the "estate" a half-cultivated farm, and the "host of retainers" often but a mob of black slaves clad in motley or lying half-naked in the sun. Of course, there were great-hearted gentlemen in Virginia, and the author tells of them, as she tells of the really great houses, such as Westover, with

lively appreciation. We learn to respect them more, these Lees, Randolphs and Washingtons, while at the same time we are brought face to face with the average man of the Colonial South. As has been justly said by a keen observer, the civilization of the Virginia valleys was entirely *soi-disant*. We see the characteristics which marked the early Virginian in vigorous survival even at this day, when every newspaper brings us a new story of murder, feud and sudden death wreaked in defense of a boasted honor in the country-side populated by their descendants.

The false premises upon which these people founded their theory of life are not far to seek. Exalted with liquor, all day in the saddle, these men naturally were as quarrelsome as their descendants are to-day, and as invariably ready to embroil themselves for the sake of this afore-mentioned "honor." The result is the apotheosis of physical courage as the highest manly virtue. In time of real stress, this has made as gallant and reckless soldiers as the world has ever seen, but it does not make good citizens. That a man is brave can be taken for granted in real civilization without a gasconading parade. The New England mechanic, the Flemish artisan, and the offscourings of the English mill-towns or the London slums, as Dr. Johnson roundly asserted and as Kipling has recorded from observation, have made as good soldiers as the Kentucky "Colonel" or the soldier of fortune of the world's history (now the pet of the fashionable novelists) when once they had conquered an inbred antipathy to killing their fellow-men. While the type of which the "Colonial Cavalier" is a representative is often remarkable for dash and dare-devil brilliancy, as we have said, that cannot but command surface admiration, the placing of physical courage so high is in reality mere savagery. Because Mrs. Goodwin has happily put before us the facts from which we can deduce these conclusions, besides many another characteristic of the South of the olden time, we offer her our sincere thanks and felicitations.

Tinkling Symbolism

1. *The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck.* Translated by Richard Hovey.
2. *Vistas.* By William Sharp. Stone & Kimball.

TIME WAS when special qualifications were demanded of the dramatist. His art was more highly esteemed if he understood human nature and could portray it faithfully and sympathetically. A little wit, humor, sentiment was rather expected of him, and some literary and rhetorical skill was not deemed out of place. We have changed all that. Thanks to M. Maeterlinck, these requirements have been largely modified. Don't trouble yourself, Sir Playwright, about coherence, probability, the convenience of actors and stage-managers, or the comprehension of the audience; make the most radical changes of time, place and circumstance between consecutive scenes of the same act: block out your characters roughly—what are the actors for?—and don't pick and choose your words—monosyllables will serve admirably, so long as each speaker repeats the same phrase a dozen times in succession. "Everything goes," if only your piece professes to symbolize something or other. But, above all, be morbid; appeal constantly to that elevating emotion, physical fear; represent death as unnatural, revolting, a sort of goblin or ghoul, "monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens"; invoke the aid of superstition, introduce comets, meteors, thunderstorms, owls, crows, moles, will-o'-the-wisps, mysterious knockings, footsteps, rustlings, collapsing fountains, gesturing madmen—perhaps Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" may give you a few useful hints. Then you will win bouquets and dollars; your works will be translated by foreign poets, and you will be hailed by critics as the Æschylus of Weehawken. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Mr. Hovey lays great stress on the fact that these plays of Maeterlinck's (1) have a double meaning. This, he seems to think, is a merit of itself. Soon we shall hear the cry of "Symbolism for its own sake," and the quidnuncs will rally around the black banner with the skull and bones, believing and making believe with all their might. Control yourselves, dear young friends, and be reasonable! Symbolism does not spoil a good play, neither does it improve a bad one. It is not likely that Maeterlinck will produce a finer work than "Othello," which tells a plain

story devoid of hidden significance. Symbolism of itself is merely unobjectionable; to be anything more it must bring something of value, it must illuminate and not obscure the idea, dignify and not degrade the form. It is most appropriate when addressed to untutored minds, and most effective when the myth is relatively simple. Perhaps of all Maeterlinck's plays, "The Blind" fulfills these conditions best. In Mr. Hovey's words, this drama "is the symbol of a world lost in the dark forest of unfaith and unknowledge—its ancient guide, the church, sitting dead in the midst of the devotees and them of little faith, who all alike have lost the swift vision of the intuition and can inform themselves of their situation only by the slow, uncertain groping of the reason. In vain they seek for a guide in animal instinct, in the glimmer of vision possessed by the poet—who turns aside and gathers flowers,—in some power of insight fancied in insanity, in the newborn future that cannot utter yet its revelation." In spite of its faults, "The Blind" is a striking piece, and far more "probable to thinking" than such monuments of misdirected ingenuity as "Princess Maleine" and "The Seven Princesses." There are times when Maeterlinck seems to toil for crudity as others toil for perfection.

Mr. Sharp's "Vistas" (2) are not stage-plays, but "psychic episodes" or "dramatically conceived impressions of spiritual emotion." Mr. Sharp takes himself very seriously, and his dedication, which is also an introduction to the first American edition of his book, may be thought to offer an example of that "modern modesty" which Mr. Hardcastle found so offensive. One would say that Maeterlinck's influence was distinctly perceptible in these "Vistas," but Mr. Sharp declares that such is not the case. Some of the sketches appear to symbolize the revolt of naturalism against orthodoxy; in others a doubting, despairing nihilism shrieks its wild guesses to the silent Sphinx of destiny. Fatalism utters its moan in "The Birth of a Soul," while "A Northern Night" shivers with a superstitious horror of the unseen world. Mr. Sharp fixes his gaze by preference on what has been called the night side of nature, and his "Vistas" are not inspiring. They reveal poetic feeling and imagination, but some vital element is lacking. Fantastic and artificial, they have not inhaled the breath of life. As manifestations of the gloom, the unrest and the anarchy of the present intellectual phase, they have a certain value, but as permanent contributions to literature—well,

"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."

Both books appear in the new Green Tree Library, and the first edition of each is limited to 600 copies.

More Yellowness

1. *The King in Yellow.* 2. *In the Quarter.* By Robert W. Chambers.
F. Tennyson Neely.

A CERTAIN PORTION of the reading public must be in a sad way for lack of a little mystery and romance when it can seek these necessities of life in the pages of *The Yellow Book* and "The King in Yellow" (1). The latter is a mixture of nightmare, Paul de Kock and modern journalism. Anybody can enter into the "sad, bad, mad world" of which it affords a glimpse, by reading three or four Sunday newspapers and three or four French novels, and "topping off" with canned lobster and American champagne. But, like a good many other experiences, this comes cheaper at second-hand; and, as it is best that one should suffer for all, we should, perhaps, acclaim Mr. Chambers a martyr to Degeneracy, especially as he seems to be possessed of a sort of ingenuity that might be turned to account in other directions. "The King in Yellow," we learn from the verses prefixed to his first story, is the title of a supposititious book. It is a book as bad as that which Mr. Grant Allen thought he could write, but could not. It is a drama such as Maeterlinck, Wilde and Ibsen, without the devil for a co-laborer, could hardly evolve between them. In it the depths of depravity are lifted up to the acme of art. It inverts all order. It reasons away reason. Whoever reads it goes mad. Half of the actual book is devoted to stories of these crazed readers, which are of a character to make us tremble for the author's intellect. There are a decomposed driver of an empty hearse; a fluid which turns fish and flesh and good red herring into cold, cold stone; a dwarf who is to lead the universal revolution, and who falls in a battle with his cat. The other half supplies the erotic element, for which the reader who has had any previous acquaintance with this sort of stuff will begin to look as soon as he has read the first few stories. There are tales of artists who do not paint, of students who do not study, of Americans whose conduct revolts yet charms the Quartier Latin, of repulsive Jews, of

models, grisettes, cocottes and ladies whose exact position in society it takes many pages to define. There is no downright grossness; but the author accepts the Bohemian point of view with the enthusiasm of a convert.

"In the Quarter" (2), his other book, is of the same sort, but is artistically and morally better. The heroine having sinned once by mishap, sins again, it would almost appear, by good luck, since, this time, it is with an American who finally determines to marry her. But her dissolute sister and a couple of repulsive and utterly preposterous Jews prevent this consummation by drowning the hero, upon which the heroine promptly dies of a broken heart. Mr. Chambers has a facile pen. It is to be hoped that he has some versatility, and that he can turn in time to more wholesome themes.

Recent Books of Verse

A WEIRD LITTLE book in Japan-paper cover and beautifully printed, which contains verse of a character not often met with nowadays, is "Homeward Songs by the Way." It has already been through two editions in Ireland and has won golden opinions from English critics; but though the author is (as we find from a letter of Mr. E. C. Stedman to the publisher) a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson, this is the first American edition. We cannot characterize the book better than by making use of Mr. Stedman's words: it is "a crop-out after so long an interval of the Concord Brahmanistic transcendentalism," and shows the Emersonian felicity of touch in transcribing scenes and incidents from nature, and the Emersonian feeling of the oneness of all things. The author, whose initials only, A. E., appear upon the title-page, sings of

"Rare vistas of white light,
Half-parted lips through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story,
Hearkening to whom the wandering planets hoary
Waken primeval fires,
With deeper rapture in celestial choirs
Breathe, and with fleet motion
Wheel in their orbits through the surgeless ocean,"

and calls upon his reader to

"Hearken thou like these
Intent on her, mounting by slow degrees"

to a height of abstraction where it is rather difficult to breathe, where the elements of thought are scattered as far apart as stars, and where, indeed, there is little left but a vague feeling of tranquillity. Doubtless, at times, there is consolation in the thought that, no matter how the world wags with us, it will all be the same an eternity hence; that, if we could only know everything, we should see that 'tis all the same now; that nothing counts singly, and that the sum total does not change, however it may be divided up. But what most of us want are motives for action, not reasons for inaction; the songs that we wish to hear by the way must be of some goal not too far ahead; and if we think of our last home, we require a more homely symbolism than A. E.'s. But the poems are not likely to pall upon the reader. They have many beauties, technical and imaginative. We forbear from quoting more of them, for they may all be read through in an hour; but they are good for many hours' reading—indeed, we should say, for many years'. (Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.)

SOMETHING OF A transcendental cast again appears, with a dash of German romanticism, in "Life and Dreams: Poems," by E. L. E. Little enough of life is there in them: the dreams are in the majority, and they are mostly about death. E. L. E. appears to have been left by the subsidence of the transcendental flood stranded as to the body on some New England mountain farm, which to the soul appears an Ararat without a rainbow. Who is it that does not know and cherish a kindly regard for some such semi-recluse, that has not admired her half-wild garden, her ancient furniture, her talk of old books, of forgotten celebrities and of travel in the days when good Americans went to Italy before they died? What we may call the ground-idea of E. L. E.'s poetry is that of a vanished friend who for her sake has retained some element of actuality. She, for her part, has attained something of the spiritual vision and is aware of his presence, but has lost in a corresponding degree the sense of the actual. Upon this gossamer-web of thought many misty fancies have congealed, so to speak, and the poems have a ghostly kind of beauty in spite of frequently recurring roughness and obscurity. There are strange and enigmatical conceits in "Morning," in "Autumn Travellers," "A Humanitarian" and "My Dream"; some notes of a real passion, of grief, in "To Janie" and several poems following;

and much mysterious stuff, the meaning of which we do not pretend to fathom, in "The Enchanter's House," "Death's Messenger" and "Returned." Perhaps the mystery may not be so deep as it seems, and the solution may lie in the first two lines of "Her Retreat":—

"Here shall no intruding thought betray
The soul communing with the Unseen."

"In Pleasant Valley" is exceptional as being neither dismal nor difficult of comprehension, but very much the reverse. (G. W. Dillingham.)

BOOKS BY THREE Bodley Head poets have reached us together from Macmillan & Co., and we are able to say of all three that it is the gods, and not an overweening ambition, that have made them poetical. We like most "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical," by John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley, who deals out good, old-fashioned matter, all about stars and amaranths, "Hellas and Rome" and "Roland at Roncesvalles," in careful measure, without posing or prosing, and with a new grace in the manner of its delivery. It is as proper that the old tales should forever be retold as that the flowers should bloom in the spring; and we do not envy the persons who, we foresee, will object to the "Ode to Fortune," "The Death of Phaeton" and others of these poems, that they "have heard all this before." Besides, it will not be quite true. The longest poem in the volume, "Orpheus in Hades," though marred by grotesque repetitions such as

"the tumbled crags
Tumbled and jumbled,"

and

"I held my poor life cheaply in one hand,
Cheaply and loosely,"

is, on the whole, a performance not unworthy of the theme. There are signs of power, though immature, in the descriptions of the "dolorous thicket," of the stream of Lethe, and the "city with the sad-eyed citizens" who throng to listen to the poet

"As starlings mustering on some evening tree,
Some blasted oak, full in the sunset's eye."

The invocation that follows is properly passionate and melodious.

"LYRICS," by Arthur Christopher Benson, are mostly—unlike the first, "A Canticle of Common Things,"—reproaches addressed to careless Nature in behalf of her shamefully neglected children. Several of the pieces suggest comparison with similar things in Ronsard's "Bocage," the old French poet drawing from the classics to furnish forth his fanciful description of "La Grenouille"; Mr. Benson, on the biologists for the natural history of "The Newt." The older poet is the less melancholy. If he condemns Nature, it is on his own account. He does not borrow sadness from "The Bee on the Glacier," is never troubled by "Dea Hypa," could not construe Cæsar as Mr. Benson does, nor find in any poet of his acquaintance

"But weakness fretting to be great,
Self-consciousness with sidelong eye,
The impotence that dares not wait
For honor, crying 'This is I.'"

Yet some of the lyrics are pretty, as "In the Heart of the Wood" and "By the Stream."—BUT MR. H. C. BEECHING'S "In a Garden, and Other Poems" is more cheerful. He hymns the praises of his totem, the beech-tree:—

"For long ago my sires,
Ere Hengist crossed the sea
To map our English shires,
Gave up their heart to thee,
And vowed if thou wouldst keep
Their lives from fire and foe
That thou shouldst never weep
The axe's deadly blow."

He composes masks of the seasons and comical coats armorial of "Natural Heraldry":—

"In this field vert parted per pale,
No lion ramps or gryphon prances,
But Dobbin whisks a couped tail
And Meg as salient as a lance is;
And what supporter could surpass
Lucius, our sturdy golden ass?"

In "CHOCORUA'S TENANTS," Frank Bolles tells of the migrations of the crow from wood to seashore and back again, of the doings of the ruffled grouse, the manners of the swallow, the blue jay, the wren-bird and other winged inhabitants of the mountain, in the metre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and with an im-

pressive use of its Scriptural parallels. The poems are too long for quotation, but not for easy reading. The illustrations are half-tone pictures which have been touched up in the negatives with good effect. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—WHAT Mr. Bolles has done for the birds, Julia Anna Wolcott has aimed to do, but in less serious fashion, for the wild flowers in her "Song Blossoms." The aster, last of the clan, recounts the glorious history of the composites, the blue-bird utters "A Call to the Crocuses," and mayweed, succory and daisies moralize by the roadside. But there is, also, much poetical ornithology, and some translations—from the French of Chateaubriand and Nadaud, bright and clever; from the German of Heine and Uhland, not so satisfactory. (Arena Pub. Co.)—"BALLADS, AND OTHER VERSE," by A. H. Beesley, author of the "Life of Sir John Franklin," contains many good songs of the "Tom Bowline" order, fit to be sung as Prout used to sing "The Bells of Shandon," with a voice like a hurricane. Among the best are the ballad of "Sir Christopher Mings," "The Regiment's Return," "A Feud of the Desert," "A Whaling Song" and "The Muh'arram Mystery Play." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BRINY AND BLUSTERY are "Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land," by Charles G. Leland, who is well known as a gatherer of unconsidered trifles. He has incorporated in this work many old "chanties," old sailors' songs and choruses, so much so that the sailor half of his book is like a seaside shanty built of wreckage. His company of old salts, gathered in an old tavern at the north end of Boston, sing how a Yankee skipper tricked a Spanish captain-general, sing of the Devil's Pot on the North Atlantic, where there is always bad weather, of the Wizard Finn and the bad luck that goes with him, of the murdered sailor that shouts "Stand from under" before falling from the rigging, and other things of the sort, "cut up and salted down for sea use." The "Lays of the Land" tell of the remarkable rise and fall of Gloryville, its population of one lone dorky, its municipal debt of a million dollars; of the awful beat that the Philadelphia *Ledger* got on the *Chronicle* through the wicked inventions of Mr. Zion Jersey Boggs, and other delightful stories of the middle ages—after the War and before the West became wooly. (Macmillan & Co.)—MR. LELAND has a competitor in the person of Mr. Fred. Emerson Brooks, whose "Old Ace, and Other Poems" contains funny verse in as many dialects as Mr. Marion Crawford can speak languages. Yet most of it would be good fun, and much of it good sense, in ordinary English. "The Orthod-ox Team" takes a broadly Christian view of the churches. "Foreigners at the Fair" is a clever and amusing presentment of the varieties of national vanity, and many of the poems deal with comic episodes of the Civil War. The book is dedicated to Gen. Daniel Butterfield. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the author. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

Theological and Religious Literature

THE REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER draws his "Argument for Christianity" from the varied phenomena of life and thought, history, testimony, miracles, prophecy, humanity, achievement and comparison. Furthermore, not satisfied with the surface of things, he delves beneath, and, like the goatherd of Potosi, pulls up a plant only to find the shining silver beneath. To some readers Dr. Lorimer's chapters may seem more rhetorical than absolutely judicial, and to show the popular orator rather than the close thinker. Yet this undoubtedly adds to the charm of perusal. Even in condemning those who do not believe in the Divine Christ and do not exalt Christianity above every other religion, he writes as a man of sympathy and not in polemic bitterness. Referring to the bird that burst into song on the peach-tree on the field of Gettysburg after the firing had ceased, he declares that "there is a song-bird somewhere in every creed, however poor the tree may be, and however it may be enswathed in the gloom of agony and strife." Though without marks of great originality, the book is well suited to the average intelligent reader. It is fully provided with indexes. (Phila.: American Baptist Pub. Soc.)—THE REV. JOHN WHITE CHADWICK opens "The Old and New Unitarian Belief" with a valuable historic introduction, showing the progress of the various Unitarian bodies. He discusses the doctrines concerning man, God, the Bible, Christianity, Jesus, the future life and the great salvation. We are not sure, after we have read certain of his chapters, that we know exactly what the Unitarians even now do believe, and, in fact, they themselves would scout the idea of "resting on" any particular belief. One thing impresses us mightily in the reading of this book: that Unitarianism is a

pretty lively bit of leaven. The work of these "religions" is largely missionary. They are constantly influencing other branches of the Christian church, creating a new theological climate. As the author well says, in one of his closing pages, "That which the name Unitarian denotes is nothing in comparison with what it connotes." (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

"THE LEISURE OF GOD" is the title of a volume of fifteen sermons by the Rev. John Coleman Adams, and likewise of the first sermon it contains. The author believes in steadfast life and work, but not in fret and hurry, and has evidently pondered long on the character of God, who makes no mistakes and makes no haste. Mr. Adams understands the law of reserve and has calculated the "line of least resistance." He knows well, too, a good deal of the best that has been said and thought. Therefore, though he is a Universalist, his writing is of the kind that will be enjoyed by those of other denominations. The titles of the sermons are felicitously chosen, the preacher sticks to his text, his style is cultured, and in the development of his themes there are the order and progress that remind us of the pilgrim psalm, wherein those whose faces are set toward the Holy City "go from strength to strength." (Boston: Universalist Pub. House.)—"MAKE WAY FOR THE KING" is the cry of the Rev. Flavius J. Probst, D.D., a Chicago herald of the Gospel who gathered the young people of Boston at high noon on week-days and talked to them about the Master. With picturesque and dramatic use of Scripture phrase and historical incident, with exhortations that are short and keen but also tender and sympathetic, the author preaches and exhorts in a way that can be read as well as heard. The literary value of the book is not vast, but the fire born on the preacher's lips burns on the printed page. (Lee & Shepard.)

TO THOSE WHO have lived among laborers and know how wage-earners look at the Church and its ministers and talk about them, there will be little that is novel, and nothing that is sensational, in "Three Months in a Workshop," by Paul Jöhre, a theological student who put on the garb of a factory-hand and lived for three months in the heart of Saxony's extensive manufacturing districts, working eleven hours a day among the other operatives, and almost entirely without intercourse with his own class. He tells a plain, straightforward story of the method of life, food, treatment, thoughts, outlook and ambitions, loves and hates of the men among whom he worked. The result of Mr. Jöhre's publication, as we are informed by Prof. Richard T. Ely, who furnishes a brief introductory note, was the formation of a society, the Evangelical Social Congress, for the study of social questions by adherents of the Evangelical Church; of this society the author was made Secretary. The charm of the book lies in its simplicity and apparently perfect truthfulness; yet while it reveals a great deal which well-to-do Christians ought to know about the workman, it is, to our mind, a terrible revelation, also, of the wooden-headedness of the average German religious teacher, and of the *necrosis* of a large part of the State Church in Germany. The author declares that much of the social democracy of to-day is pagan, and that the workmen's speculations are atheistic and materialistic. In conclusion he calls on the parsons to be more like the Master whom they profess to preach. The book belongs to the Social Science Series. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE LITTLE VOLUME of "Herald Sermons," by George H. Hepworth, is the result of a suggestion made by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who was of the opinion that for the tens of thousands who never see a religious paper and never go to church, a short weekly sermon, printed in the Sunday paper, would be a good thing. On general principles we agree with Mr. Bennett; after seeing these sermons, we agree with him still further. Though short, they are luminous, appropriate and meant for human beings. The writer seems to have acted simply as a lighter to the eternal lamps of Scripture. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—THOSE WHO, several years ago, read the homilies of the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., in *The Sunday School Times*, will recognize a good many familiar thoughts and sentences in the same author's latest work, "Simon Peter, His Later Life and Labors." Disowning the pretense of making a biography of the Apostle of the Circumcision, he takes up every notable incident and respects each hiatus in the narrative. Around each incident, however trivial, whether it be "the foot-race to the sepulchre" or the fire of coals, he paints a vivid picture, then points a moral. The style is pleasing, in excel-

lent colloquial English, and the volume is full of what may be called orthodox commentary and application. There are a number of good illustrations. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

THE DOMINANT NOTE in the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's "Essential Christianity" is intense sympathy with modern interpretations of the ancient Scriptures and of Christianity. He does not seem to think that the tendencies of his contemporaries are necessarily evil, and that everything in theology is on the downward course. With much to criticise, he finds much to admire and, in listening to the resultant note of the varied Christian life of to-day, which to the morbid hermit seems so harsh and disorderly, he finds a harmony that thrills and delights. In the works of men who apparently differ on almost every imaginable theological and ecclesiastical question, he discovers unity. To his mind these writers agree so absolutely as to the essence of Christianity, that one must look at the biographical dictionary to find out to what particular denominations or schools they belong. His sermons deal with the social sides of Divine Revelation. He loves to dwell on the real Christian, and on the Gospel in the prophets. We heartily recommend this book to the grumpy critics who see naught but evil in the present generation, and especially to those preachers who, while living amid crowds, preach to pitifully thin audiences—probably because they so often try to catch flies with vinegar, and to feed hungry souls with elegant stones, carved with the chisels of church tradition and polished with cloister rhetoric. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

ALL THROUGH HER history, the Christian Church in America has been profoundly influenced by Scottish philosophers, theologians and preachers. Even in our day the results of German thought and scholarship reach us through Scotch intellect and feeling. Chicago, especially, delights in calling to her pulpits and chairs of theology men who dwell nigh to the bonnie brier-bush. In April, 1894, the Rev. James Denny, D. D., delivered at the Chicago Theological Seminary a course of lectures which were unusually well attended by lay folk, who nearly crowded out the students. Long and hot were the discussions provoked by this Scotsman, who handled the old questions with a freedom and force unknown to ultra-conservative Chicago—for in theology this "chief centre of Congregationalism" seems sometimes to be as backward, almost to reaction, as it is forward in material enterprise. Nevertheless, hundreds of eager hearers found and were found (in Coleridgean phrase), and will welcome the presentation in print of these "Studies in Theology" by the Doctor, who declined a call to stay in the Lake City. Dr. Denny is thoroughly at home in German theology—in fact, universally well read. On the great questions of the Atonement he throws a light that flashes along paths in which the orthodox delight to walk. He discusses the person of Christ, the resurrection, incarnation, sin and eschatology with skill and freshness. He knows the atrophied limb to be invigorated, and the dangerous spot to handle lightly, in the theology of the American orthodox. His lecture on Holy Scripture and Inspiration was attacked with unusual vigor, and occasionally, as it seemed to the reviewer, with a touch, even, of literary ferocity. He has rewritten this portion of the book, not to retract or qualify, but to secure a readier acceptance. Throughout he shows himself in hearty agreement with the solid results of criticism. In place of the fourteen pages of notes we should have preferred an index, which is inexcusably absent. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

THAT CHRISTIANS of all denominations are thinking, praying and working with a view to the unity of the Church of Christ, is very certain, and in the book world the signs are many. One of the best volumes on the subject that has come under our notice is "Christ and the Church." It is dedicated to the Rev. Charles Deems, and is made up of papers read before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. Besides essays on the kingdom of the church by men of light and leading in various denominations, we have the great theme of the reunion of Christendom treated from the point of view of the Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Disciples, and, with a glimpse from another angle, from that of the foreign missionary. The earnestness of the various writers is very conspicuous; the student of the subject cannot afford to pass over the volume. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

—TO THE ACTIVE pastor who is in living contact with the people, the right study of the higher or literary criticism is fertilizing and suggestive. That preacher makes a mistake, as it seems to us, who tries to keep his people ignorant of what scholars have done to give the Bible student something like a true perspective.

One of many proofs of this good use to be made by the pastor of critical learning, is a little pamphlet on "The Pentateuch and Joshua; or, The Hexateuch Historical," by the Rev. Isaac Gibson. It is the work of a cool-headed, critical and constructive reader, who has an opinion even when doctors disagree. (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.)

"RAYS OF LIGHT from All Lands" is a big subscription-book, printed, illustrated, bound and stamped in the usual eye-catching style, and, almost as a matter of course, unindexed. Several other titles or sub-titles are added, and the names of three editors, the Rev. E. C. Towne, the Rev. J. A. Canfield and George J. Hagar, appear on the title-page. The idea has been to put in a popular form a suggestive account of the various Bibles and beliefs of mankind, a sketch of the churches and communions, with the most striking utterances at the Parliament of Religions. The work has generally been done with great care, the standard of accuracy being far above that of the average subscription-book. The portraits and reproductions of famous pictures are in the main excellent. As one of the signs of the times, the book has a value beyond its well-selected contents. (New York: Gay Bros. & Co.)

—AT HIS DEATH, the Rev. Dr. J. L. Nevius, for many years a missionary in China, left a curious work that had been the study and care of his latter years. It has now been published as "Demon Possession and Allied Themes: Being an Inductive Study of the Phenomena of Our Own Times." This book, with an introduction by Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, deserves, at the least, respectful attention. During his residence in China, Dr. Nevius became convinced of that literalness of demoniacal possession, which appeared to our ancestors to be signified in the Gospel narrative. He does not doubt witchcraft, either, and believes that modern spiritism and theosophy are diabolism. In this he accords with the Roman Church and the Massachusetts Bay Puritans. He saw in China enough to convince him of the truth that devils can take up their abode in the body, not to say the soul, of a human being, or of a beast. He knows, also, that these devils can be driven out by the native conjurers with their shamanistic magic, and by the Christian missionaries, who use the name of Jesus Christ. He believes that the latter method is the more effective, and gives many cases to substantiate his point. In addition to this, he made a study of demonology and occultism, and has left us his conclusions. There are both scientific and theological standpoints from which this book will be regarded as an interesting if not an important phenomenon. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

SIGNS ARE NOT wanting to show that in the methods of Christian missions there must be science, improvement and readjustment of knowledge and faith, and, furthermore, that intelligent Christian people realize these facts. The ideas which prevailed fifty or seventy-five years ago are not those of to-day. Unfortunately it is too true, however, that many good people, including secretarial and directorial authorities on mission boards, still insist on working along in the old ruts. These gentlemen and ladies are apt to feel jealous of a missionary who treats his fellow-men of darker races as gentlemen and brethren, rather than as "heathen." They are hostile to anything like the Parliament of Religions, and look upon any attempt at making a sympathetic study of the ethnic religions as dangerous to "the truth." Nevertheless, there is an increasing number of men and women active in field or at home, who believe in other, and what they think to be more Christian methods of evangelization. Such a student of the missionary problem was the late Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., who spent two years in thoroughly examining the various mission fields, both Protestant and Catholic, in Asia and the Turkish Empire. He discussed the whole subject in lectures which he delivered before various bodies of students. Now, after his lamented death, his studies are published under the title of "Modern Missions in the East: Their Methods, Successes and Limitations." His pages are full of wit and humor, of well-digested information, of kindly and thorough criticism, and he is perfectly frank in showing the limitations of the work. In the rather voluminous literature on the general subject, there is no book quite like this in its combination of information, insight, suggestiveness, criticism and practicality, and it is likely to raise up a great many intelligent missionaries who will be able to grapple with the problem and do their part well in the great work. Along with the frank statement of the enormous difficulties in the way, there is an intensity of sympathy with the missionaries which does honor to the heart as well as the head of the author. The introduction (mostly of a biographical nature) is by President Eaton of Beloit College. (Harper & Bros.)

IN DAINTY FORM, to be welcomed for its true worth, comes "The Psalter, with a Concordance and Other Auxiliary Matter," the preface to which is signed by W. E. Gladstone, who says that "The purpose of this small volume is to promote the special and separate use of the Psalter as a book of private devotion: the only book of private devotion at our command, which we are authorized directly to associate with Divine Inspiration." What is called "the prayer-book version" is used. The auxiliary matter consists of special selections of Psalms, extracts, subjects, headings, alternative readings, and a remarkably well-made concordance. As a religious writer, we like Mr. Gladstone better when he deals with devotional matters than when he handles the results of critical scholarship. Every lover of the ancient Hebrew Hymnal, and of the noble translation into sixteen-century English, will have a grateful feeling to the sage of Hawarden for this luminous contribution toward the complete furnishing of the great cathedral of worship which beyond a thousand years has been rising wherever English speech is dear to tongue and ear. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—ROBERT J. BURDETTE has written the story of "The Modern Temple and Templars"—that is, of the Temple and Temple College in Philadelphia, and of their founder and pastor, the Rev. H. Conwell. The story of his twenty-four years' work is inspiring: under his guidance the church with its allied institutions has grown from a little mission tent. Dr. Conwell believes in the "institutional" church and in plenty of wholesome amusements, as well as in preaching and teaching, tending the sick, visiting prisoners and relieving misery. This biography and monograph can be recommended to all serious workers, who will feel invigorated by it and strengthened for new efforts. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

IF WE WERE to judge the Rev. George D. Herron by isolated passages in his writings, some of us might prove that he is an anarchist, others that he is a believer in passive obedience, living with unquestioning faith and fervor in the Catholic Church. He believes that God is, and not only that He was. He would protest against that protection to the Scriptures and to faith which so hedges both in with theories of inspiration as to make them a barrier and a threat against living inspirations and revelations from God to the living men of the present. He suggests that God is as much interested in American as he was in Hebrew politics, and this upsets whole mountains of church tradition. He beholds signs of a Christian revival in the nation, and is glad of it, though it means the sweeping-away of much that is now called religious and social orthodoxy. His aim, apparently, is to bring back men to the living Christ, and to have them exemplify and realize in personal life, in social institutions, and in active politics and the State, the spirit and teachings of Jesus. He treats in this little book of the political appearing of Christ, and the Christian state wherein he sees the social realization of democracy, the redemption of law from anarchy and the salvation of the Church. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

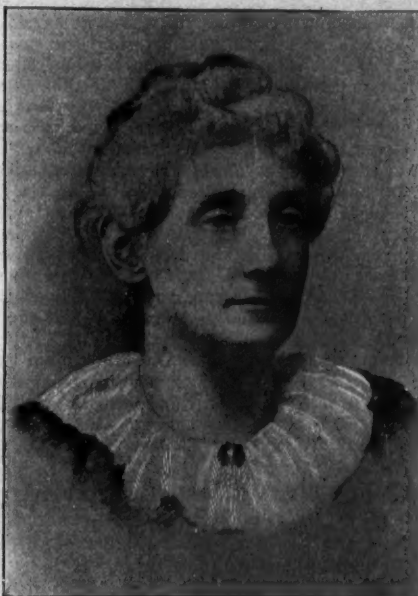
The Author of "Transition"

[From *The Sketch*]

WHO WROTE "A Superfluous Woman?" One asks the question eagerly, because the novel stood clearly out from the whole series of sex-books by reason of its matter and manner alike. Its style especially was admirable after the chaotic grammar and syntax of most of its rivals. And the identity of the author is still more interesting at the present moment, for a new book, "Transition," has just appeared from the same pen. It is not surprising to learn that the author of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transition" is a woman—to wit, Miss Emma Brooke. On her mother's side she is a descendant of an old Cheshire yeoman's family, and she is the daughter of a landlord and capitalist. The earliest influence which gave a cast to her character and thought was the fact that she was born in a village which had been, in a measure, the creation of her maternal grandfather, who was a great employer of labor there. There was a great deal that was picturesque, and much that was excessively gloomy and repressed, in Miss Brooke's early surroundings. Her upbringing was very religious, with a leaning towards the ascetic and austere. At the same time, she had, in her out-of-the-way village life, particular opportunities of observing the rougher side of human nature. There was, indeed, in the experience of her sisters and herself something parallel to that of the Brontës of Haworth.

After this picturesque but sombre beginning to her life comes next in importance the fact that she was one of the eight Newnham pioneer-students who studied at Cambridge before Newnham was

built. She carried away with her from her University life scarcely any honors, but some inestimable benefits, of which the greatest, probably, was the reverence for careful accuracy in speech and



thought which Prof. Henry Sidgwick took such particular pains to inculcate. After leaving Cambridge, she passed some excessively troubled years. But the next event of lasting importance took place only upon her leaving her native county and settling in Hampstead. Here she met again an old fellow-student, whose married name was Mrs. Charlotte Wilson. She has since become well known as the editor of the Anarchist paper *Freedom*. As early as the winter of 1882-3, in conversation with her, and through coming into contact with Prof. Karl Pearson, Miss Brooke gathered some fragmentary ideas concerning Socialism. These she crudely embodied in her first novel, which was published in June, 1883. But in 1884 only did she really begin her career as a Socialist. Mrs. Wilson had the happy idea of gathering together a circle of students for the purpose of seriously studying social questions, and especially the theories of Socialism which had already been propounded. By the autumn of that year she had founded the club which was afterwards named the "Hampstead Historic Club," and Miss Brooke was made secretary of it. "I am sure," Miss Brooke told a friend, "that when we first gathered together to read Karl Marx's 'Capital' in French translations, round Mrs. Wilson's hospitable table, we had not much idea that any of us would issue from our native obscurity. It is a pleasant thought to me that the little band of comrades who have worked so long and so harmoniously together never went through the ceremony of a formal introduction to each other. We just met in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room, each with a large copy of Karl Marx to spread on the table before him, and in that way we set to work. I remember such strangers were we one to another that we did not know each other's names. And Mrs. Wilson addressed Sidney Webb all the first evening as 'Mr. Webb-King.' This was to his exceeding perplexity. But perhaps it was prophetic."

The Hampstead Historic Club lasted for four years, the leading members being Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Graham Wallas and Sydney Olivier. There were many others in the circle. It usually began its work in October and ended it in June. The first-fruits of the work of the club were the "Fabian Essays." These were papers written, for the most part, in and for the Club. Their publication was followed by an immediate and astonishing success, and the Fabian Society sprang from obscurity into comparative fame. It is interesting to know that Miss Brooke hawked a bundle of essays by members of the Club in vain to the doors of two or three publishers, and that, when a selection of the work was finally published as "Fabian Essays," it was necessary to do so by subscription. Miss Brooke's connection with the Fabians, particularly with those of the Club, has never ceased from the day she first met them until this.

When she read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella," Miss Brooke felt much dissatisfaction, and some pain. Her dissatisfaction was caused by what she considered the utterly mistaken account Mrs. Ward gave of the Fabian methods; the pain was at the drawing of a character of a Fabian leader in Wharton.

"And so," said Miss Brooke, "I, who play, indeed, the part of a veritable David to Goliath, took my sling and prepared my small stone. I trust it may reach its mark. For, after all, it is only a giant aspersion that I wish to slay. Marcella as a Fabian is inconceivable to me, though she is interesting as a character. The cause of struggle and agitation in the Fabian Society lies in the small leaven of a violently revolutionary type which is constantly at war with the established and successful method; it does not lie in the tendency of members to go back on the faith altogether. I tried to depict this type of Fabian in Lucilla. We simply look upon it as an excellent sign of life in the Society. Sheridan is a sketch of the acknowledged Fabian leader. It is scarcely necessary to name him, and I have not attempted to disguise him. If I am accused of having 'idealized' him, that is the fault of my imperfect skill. I have not endowed him with any qualities which, during our long connection in Socialistic work together, I have not had occasion to remark in him; but I have no doubt that I have failed to realize him at his genuine best."

Miss Brooke, it may be noticed in conclusion, was elected to the executive of the Fabians two years ago. Before that, she had been a Group Secretary for many years.

Mr. Caine on Success in Literature*

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. advance-sheets of the following speech delivered by Mr. Hall Caine at the Booksellers' Annual Dinner, Holborn Restaurant, London, on Saturday, April 27. The title of the address is "Success in Literature."

If it has been worth your while to ask an author to speak, perhaps it will not be amiss if I say something on the one subject above others which a mixed gathering of booksellers and authors suggests—namely, the quality and value of literary success. In a very strict sense we are all in the service of the public, but there is this difference between us, that you, gentlemen, come into very close intercourse with the public, while we meet with them only at second hand. There are two ways in which an author comes into touch with the public, and the first of these is through the newspapers. When we want to know what the public thinks of us we first inquire about our reviews. Now, all authors have an immortal right to abuse the critics, but I am not going to exercise it to-night. If it is true that the author never ceases to deride the critic, and if it is also true (as all the world says) that at the same time he is always dying to conciliate him, perhaps the secret is that the critic is the first and most immediate channel of communication with that public which every author must recognize as his master. A certain desire to be on friendly terms with criticism would therefore be natural even in the author who, like, say, Wordsworth or Landor—or shall I say Martin Tupper?—has suffered most from it and has consequently the lowest opinion of its value. But surely nothing can well be more pitiful, nothing more abject, than the condition of that author who lives on critics' favors. Such a man will be very likely to find sooner or later that he is in the same case with Coleridge, when he slept on a sack of potatoes. "I lay down a man," said he, "and got up a bruise." In all literary biography I don't know a more melancholy episode than that at the end of the life of Gogol, the first of Russian novelists. In his last years, Gogol became a confirmed hypochondriac. Disheartened by the criticisms on the first half of his great novel "Dead Souls," though the acceptance of the public had been so full and generous, he destroyed the second half, wandered away into foreign countries, returned home tired out in body and mind, and finally spent his last months in going from the house of one friend to the house of another, with a carpet-bag full of newspaper criticisms, in which his works were unfavorably received. It is a ghastly story, but we, who are authors, have nearly all got something of his plague-spot of morbid sensitiveness. Certainly I dare not claim exemption from it myself. At the present moment I am suffering from a malady which all authors will recognize by the name of "book-on-the-brain," and I am only too sure, gentlemen, that as soon as my book is off my brain and on to the counters of your shops, I shall suffer from yet another malady, which may be called "notices on the nerves." It is rather a poor

game I must confess. To die like Gogol of unfavorable reviews is a humiliating as well as a useless weakness. As a good old Irish saw has it—a man is not much good if his wife's a widow. In short, I am convinced that we trouble ourselves far too much about what the newspapers say of our books, and a great deal too little about what the ordinary public think of them. I am also sure that there is nothing more dwarfing, more stupefying, and more sterilizing than this feverish interest in printed opinions; and at the same time hardly anything more invigorating, more sustaining, and more inspiring than a just and natural estimate of the appreciation of the public that buys our books and reads them.

The second and only other way in which an author comes into touch with the public is that in which you act as our medium—the medium of the bookseller. This is for some of the more fortunate among us a most material and substantial point of touch. It comes to us half-yearly in the shape of so much per cent. royalty on copies sold. That is the moment when we are at peace even with Barrabas, and feel joy at the sight of our publisher's name. You will remember the story told by Trollope of how his publisher in driving a stiff bargain reminded him of the great importance it was to have the name of so good a firm on his title-page. "I have a great respect for your name at the bottom of a title-page," said Trollope, "but I like it best at the bottom of a check." You would think that the author who had been so lucky as to secure his public through the booksellers, would not care two straws about securing them also through the critics, and that one title to such a possession ought surely to suffice. But I am afraid it is only the more simple and rational among authors who are so easily satisfied, and that it is just those authors who have the largest support from the public who make the loudest cackle when some critic in his supernatural wisdom attempts to pull their house about their heads. In the little Island where I have my home the promoters of certain town improvements wanted to cut through a cottage which had long been owned and occupied by a sturdy old fellow who had made up his mind not to leave. To circumvent him the lawyers began to investigate his title, and they pretended to find it bad. "You've got no freehold and you'll have to clear out," they said. "I don't know nothing about freehold, but I've got a fishhold, and it's yourselves that had better clear out—quick."

It is a commonplace with which you must be very familiar, that popularity is no sign of merit. There are always people enough to tell us that the books that sell best are not the best books, but generally the worst. The public is constantly told that it is a very stupid creature, and that what is known as the great heart of the public is really great humbug. Every seven years or so somebody has a bout of the spleen, and then we hear a good deal about our literary degeneration. We are decaying, we are decomposing, we are at our literary last gasp, we are coming in at the eleventh hour. That blessed eleventh hour seems always to be with us. As far back as I can remember the clock has been striking nothing but eleven. These prophets of doom, who are forever finding the last successful new book more worthless than the one that went before it, remind me of an old Methodist woman I heard of the other day, who could never be satisfied with her preachers. When one of them was about to leave he called on her to say good-bye. "Well, good-bye," she said, "and may the Lord send us a better one in your place." Then the new preacher called, and she said, "I hope you're a good man, sir; but there's none that comes so good as them that goes." No doubt the public makes mistakes, and an indifferent book sometimes attains to a great success, but when we remember how great have been the mistakes of critics, we see how pardonable are the mistakes of the public, after all. We who are here, gentlemen, have a vested interest in literary success, and I think we are bound in loyalty to speak up for it. If popularity is not on the whole a sign of merit, it is at least the best criterion of merit that has yet been found. Until we can get a better, let us stick to it. And that is how you, the booksellers of England, can restore the courage of authors when other consolations fail them; you can prove to us that even at a time when the State as such pays less attention to literature than at any period, perhaps, during the past four centuries, the interest of the public in books is very deep and abiding, and that, however it may befall that a worthless book shall for a little while catch the froth of a passing wave of popularity, no good book, no book that grips and holds and stirs and elevates, can ever fail of a substantial recognition.

Success in literature, gentlemen, depends on many chances. You can only launch your ship, you cannot tell what seas it may encounter. But if you look to it, that your vessel is seaworthy, you

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can trust her to Providence and good seamanship to come back to port with good cargoes. That is what an author does when he gives the public of his best, and then hands his book to good booksellers. The public is his master, but it is not his slave-master, and it does not ask that he should degrade himself in its service. I see no reason why an author, to be popular with the public, must be a literary pantaloons; the literary pantaloons, so far as I can see, are not so often the men who study how to please the public, as those who seem to study how not to please them.

There have always been two schools of art in literature. The one disdains the public, and regards as vulgar whatever appeals to the slow and dull intelligence of the masses. The other school thinks that authors ought to make themselves intelligible to all. Between these two schools every author must sooner or later make his choice. My own choice was made early, and if in a last word I may express it in the language of George Sand, I will say—"I consider that if there is in my soul any good or noble thought, it is my duty to pass it on to other souls, to as many other souls as I can reach and touch." Gentlemen, an author does not need to be forever asking himself "Will this please?" and "Will that pay?" But he may always know that nothing pleases or pays in the long run, but the best that is in him, and that so far from anything being too good for the public, nothing that he can do is ever likely to be good enough either for the world or for himself.

"At the Sign of the Ship"

(Mr. Lang in Longman's Magazine)

WHEN A GENTLEMAN is really devoted to Count Tolstoi's works, he seems to need to say so periodically, which is very natural. But why should he be incapable of saying so without attacking a number of other just persons? I have not read Prof. Boyesen's latest ukase, "The Great Realists and the Empty Story Tellers," but according to *The Critic*, he announces that "our boys and girls should read 'The Great Realists.'" This they will not do; as Lethington said, "it is a devout imagination." "How utterly flimsy and juvenile," exclaims the excellent Professor, "romantic fiction, such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battle, murder and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and sickening atrocities, and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions, appear (*sic*) to me, compared with," etc., etc.

The compositor, not the Professor, is doubtless responsible for the bad grammar. In any case *distinguis*. Mr. Crockett is, indeed, greatly guilty of *one* novel in which there is some fighting and cattle driving. His other works are "wonderfully vivid and masterly transcripts of the life we all live in" in the kingdom of Galloway. They scarcely contain one bloody nose. Mr. Doyle's "Micah Clarke," and his "White Company" do not deal with "swaggering savagery" and the rest of it. Mr. Stevenson was not always writing about wreckers and composing "masterly transcripts of the life they all live" when they are beach-combers. As to Mr. Haggard, his delight, like that of the war-horse, is notoriously in battle, and what for no?

Here is an inducement to study Tolstoi. After reading "Ivan Ilyitch," Prof. Boyesen (to the horror of academic circles) "actually began to develop the symptoms of the mysterious malady" of one of the characters. What was it that ailed Ilyitch? The Professor must be extremely "suggestible," and Lourdes might cure the malady which Tolstoi caused. As I don't want to have the Ilyitch (or whatever it is), I shall steer clear of the source of infection. The Professor would keep Sir Walter out of the hands of the young, for fear he "awakens the feudal ideal," a likely thing to occur. As *The Critic* very justly remarks, the feudal ideal did no harm; "it was the feudal actuality that caused the world so much misery." And what "actuality" does not cause the world misery? "Scott's feudal ideals can do our boys no harm," says the sensible *Critic*. "They are courage, loyalty, generosity, tenderness, fortitude and the veneration of woman." Indeed Scott's account of the feudal ideal in the "Tales of a Grandfather" enables even a young child to conceive of a nobly organized society, based on duty. The ideal was never quite a reality, but what ideal ever did translate itself literally into fact?

In reading Sir Walter's unpublished Correspondence, I found a letter from an English schoolboy to the great novelist. The boy, a very young boy clearly, told Sir Walter how he longed "to be a feudal chief and see my retainers happy around me." There was no danger of the small boy's reviving feudalism, but where is the

harm in this innocent and benevolent aspiration? To see people happy around one, this, according to Burns,

Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Whether the people be "retainers," or "wife and weans," makes no great odds. This, then, is the kind of mischief done by that "empty story-teller," Sir Walter.

The librarian of a school sends me the following list of books taken out, in one term, from the library of the place. Only works of fiction are included. My own name, of course, is merely entered as that of the Editor of Fairy Books, I have no doubt, as is noted in the case of Mr. Jacobs.

Rider Haggard	66	Ballantyne	9
R. L. Stevenson	48	F. M. Crawford	9
Sir W. Scott	33	Grant Allen	7
Conan Doyle	28	W. Black	7
Blackmore	27	Gordon Stables	7
Q.	23	G. Macdonald	6
Verne	22	T. Hughes	6
Kingston	22	R. Jefferies	6
Henty	18	R. Boldrewood	6
Lytton	18	Jacobs (Fairy Books)	5
Ainsworth	18	C. Kingsley	5
Beant	16	C. Brontë	4
Clark Russell	16	Lewis Carroll	4
Dickens	14	C. Reade	4
Manville Fenn	14	F. Smedley	4
Whyte Melville	13	Mrs. Ewing	3
Henry Kingsley	12	J. H. Shorthouse	3
A. Lang	12	George Elliot	2
Mrs. H. Wood	12	F. Anstey	2
Fenimore Cooper	11	A. Trollope	1
Parker Gillmore	12	B. Disraeli	1

It is a curious list. Prof. Boyesen's ideas do not prevail at this school. Considering that he is an old-fashioned author, Scott has a very fair place. Dickens is far lower than one could wish. Thackeray is absent. Charles Kingsley's poor position is inexplicable. Where is Marryat? Probably all the boys had read "Tom Brown" and "Vice Versa" already. One misses Mayne Reid: there is but one American writer represented. But Thackeray and Marryat are the worst omissions, with Dumas, and, of course, Tolstoi.

* * *

I HAD BEEN reading a Scotch book on Scotisms, a book more than a century old. It ended with an exercise, an account of the Trojan War written in Scotisms. The author's countrymen were to instruct themselves, and improve their English, by correcting the errors. As I pondered over this document my Right Hand gave several furious twitches. "It is locomotor ataxia," I thought, but I was wrong; it was automatic writing, like that of Mr. Stead and other gifted people. The Hand wrote wildly, then (like the Foot in Lord Lytton's novel) "paused, mute." I read the screed, which appeared to be the opening of a work on the life of Homer, written, not in Scotisms, but in —isms! I was about to burn it, when I reflected that it might interest Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge some, and Prof. Brander Matthews, and other philologists. Perhaps they will find Shakespearian survivals here, I thought, though why we moderns should use the idioms of Elizabethan clowns I don't know. I appeal to the Emperor Augustus, Julius Cæsar, Aulus Gellius and other Roman critics, who "hated archaisms" and *antiquarii*. Here follows the fragment:—

"Homer was considerable of a poet. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are reckoned the most powerful exhibits of his genius, but some pieces attributed to him are claimed to be bogus. It is not known where Homer was born; the Chians claim that he belonged there, but they do not allege that he lived in Chios all the time. A cave is shown where he cultivated the Muses, nights; and in the neighbourhood a temple has been donated to the township. It is also claimed that Homer taught school, but he never really went back on poetry. Back of Homer's time, not any too much is known about the poets of Greece. Homer was considerable of a traveller; just when he died is not certain, but several cities claim to possess his casket." * * *

Here the fragment abruptly ends. The "casket" referred to by the anonymous writer is doubtless the coffin of Homer, not the casket more usually associated with his immortal lays.

TOLSTOI'S "Master and Man" was published by D. Appleton & Co. on May 17. As has been announced in these pages, it contains an introduction by W. D. Howells. The translation is by A. Hulme Beaman. The book, by the way, is a novel, not a tract.

The Rhyme Builder

IF THOU wouldest have the finished structure stand,
Nor fall and crumble like a house of sand,
Out of the marble of the mines of thought
Let the foundations of thy rhyme be wrought.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Lounger

I KNEW THAT ENGLAND was a great country for circulating-libraries, but I didn't know till I saw it in Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* that they had a system of circulating actors over there. Recently Mr. Forbes Robertson, who was under a long engagement to Mr. John Hare, was wanted by Mr. Irving to create the part of Lancelot in "King Arthur," so Mr. Hare loaned him. Then he wanted him back to create the part of Lucas Cleve in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and Mr. Irving politely, though no doubt reluctantly, returned him. As for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, she is constantly being loaned by her obliging manager, Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It was as a loan that she created the part that made her famous—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at Mr. Alexander's Theatre. When Mr. Tree came to America, he loaned this popular actress to Mr. John Hare, with the understanding that she was to return to him on call. The call was made, but Mrs. Campbell did not respond. Such a success as hers in "Mrs. Ebbsmith" could not be interfered with. Mr. Hare raised his bid and Mr. Tree extended the time. She has now gone, however, for she is to play in "Fedora," which Mr. Tree is rehearsing at the Garrick.

CHICAGO HAS a new fortnightly, *The Echo*, in which I find this paragraph:—

"Once upon a time, an author signed himself or herself either Charles Dickens or Jane Austen. We did not inquire, nor care, whether Charles was a bachelor, or Jane a mother of many. Nowadays, Mrs. Reginald de Koven has changed all that. On the cover and the title-page of her novel, she confesses to the signature of 'Mrs. Reginald de Koven.' Apart from the curious taste shown in this procedure, its diplomacy is admirable. It shows appreciation of the value of a name that is well-known. Whether the use of a name well-known to music is a means of insuring true value as literature is—well, beneath doubt."

I regret to see such an exhibition of ignorance on the part of *The Echo's* paragrapher. For a married woman to put her name on a title-page as it appears on her visiting-card is quite customary. Mrs. de Koven has not changed anything. Has *The Echo* never heard of Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mrs. Burton Harrison?

IT SEEMS TO ME that there is always something connected with the relations of author and publisher agitating the public mind in England. Last summer it was the three-volume novel, this year it is the literary agent. The three-volume novel is a time-honored institution; the literary agent is a newcomer in the field. The former seems to be going, the latter has apparently come to stay. Just why the literary agent should exist, no one knows exactly, but he is strongly entrenched. There seems to be but one of any great prominence, but there will be hundreds entering the lists after Dr. Robertson Nicoll's paper in the May *Bookman* has had time to be read and digested. In the course of that paper, Dr. Nicoll points out what a remunerative trade that of the literary agent is.

"Obviously enough," he says, "if the business is large, the calling is most lucrative. Next to no capital is required, there are no losses, the expenses of conducting an office are very small. When a transaction is completed, it continues to yield a result for years and years. The most profitable transactions are the easiest. To sell the books of a popular novelist is not hard, and the lucky man of business enjoys a royalty upon every copy of said books sold during the whole period of copyright. It is obvious that as years go on his income keeps continually mounting up, because he has not only the gains of new business, but the gradual accumulations of the past, and every popular book of the period which has passed through his hands pays toll to him. I know one novelist whose income next year will be very little if at all under 10,000*l.* In return for transacting his business, the literary agent receives the handsome sum of nearly 1000*l.*, and his clients, it must be remembered, are very numerous. No losses have to be set against these gains."

IT MAY BE very stupid of me, but I don't see that the literary agent has helped the author much in this case. He has little or no trouble in placing the author's books, because the publishers want them; and yet he gets \$5000 of the author's money, or the money that might have gone to the author, if it had not been for that little ten per cent. commission which he receives, virtually for nothing. Dr. Nicoll intimates that the publisher does not love

the literary agent; and I should not think that the author would love him, either. Suppose that I had gone to Mr. F. Marion Crawford after the success of "Mr. Isaacs," and had by my convincing way of putting things induced him to give me the placing of his novels on a ten per cent. commission. I doubt that I would have done much better by him than his publishers have done of their own accord, and yet I would be drawing a handsome income from his labor. A literary agent may now and again induce a publisher to pay more for a manuscript than he can afford, because he wants to get a certain author on his list, but in the end the agent will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. I don't think that the literary agent would flourish in this country. Our authors have the business-sense pretty well developed, and our publishers seem to inspire more confidence in the breasts of their clients than do those of England. American authors seldom change their publishers, while an English author thinks nothing of publishing with half a dozen firms.

THERE IS ONE thing about the habits of the literary agent that amuses me: he declines to do business with the young author for two reasons—because his interference would prejudice the publisher against the new man, and probably cause his work to be declined; and because there is not enough money to be made out of the novice. So the shrewd literary agent deals only with the popular authors, those whose wares he has no difficulty in placing, and from whom he draws large sums in commissions that, if he will pardon me, he has not earned.

IF THE LITERARY AGENT discovered authors, and by his belief in their ability secured the publication of their books, when, without his influence, publishers would not have touched them, then, I think, he might rightly claim his commission. Or even if a well-known author was not getting the money his books might seem to earn, and the agent made a better arrangement for him, the latter would be entitled to his commission. This commission, however, should, it seems to me, be based upon a certain sum, and not "continue during the whole period of copyright."

I EXPRESSED A WISH not long ago to know what Dr. Nordau thinks of himself—what diagnosis he would make of his own condition. As we are unlikely to learn this, it is interesting to know what is thought of him by so distinguished a psychologist as Prof. William James, to whom one naturally attributes the review of three or four books in an article entitled "Degeneration and Genius" and printed over the initials "W. J." in the May *Psychological Review*. He is credited in this criticism with real learning, and it is admitted that many of the "objects by whose odiousness his imagination is afflicted * * * are loathsome indeed"; but when it is considered that "hardly a contemporary name, however great, escapes his abuse," "it must be admitted that his volumes are little more than a pathological 'document' on an enormous scale, and an exhibition in minute detail of an individual's temperamental restrictions in the way of enjoying art."

IN A RECENT number of *The Speaker*, a contributor writes on the subject of "The Size of Editions," and expresses a not unnatural desire to know how many books make an edition. The term seems to be elastic, particularly in France. The story is told that the publishers of Pierre Loti's "Jérusalem" had such faith in the success of the book, that they ran it into its twenty-seventh edition "before they had sold, or had tried to sell, a single copy." This certainly is an ingenious way of "booming" a book, but is it not a rather dangerous one? It would be no joke to be left with twenty-seven editions of a book on hand, even though they were as small as they are said to be in France.

The Athenaeum does not flatter us. In a review of that unpleasant story, "A Pastoral Played Out," the writer says:—"Miss Pendered also deals in spiritualistic jargon, and rings the changes on 'consonance,' 'material radiation,' 'spiritual impact,' 'spherical chime,' 'tones of one chord,' etc. From all these and other points she may be fairly suspected of a spiritual, if not racial affinity with America." With all deference to the mother country, my impression is that the books that deal in "spiritualistic jargon" are not native to this soil. There has been more twaddle published by reputable publishers in England during the last ten years than this country has given birth to in the last half-century.

The D'Avenant Bust of Shakespeare

ABOUT THE YEAR 1659, Sir William D'Avenant, Poet Laureate and Royalist, erected in Lincoln's Inn Field, London, the Duke's Theatre, which Pepys declares in his Diary to have been "the finest play-house that ever was in England." Over its two chief entrances were placed busts of Shakespeare, who, rumor had it, was D'Avenant's father, and of Ben Jonson. Davenant died in 1668, and in 1714 his theatre was converted into a barrack, the busts over the entrance being left undisturbed, because unobserved: the era of Italian and French comedy had caused Shakespeare's name to be almost forgotten.



"They were," says *The St. James's Budget*, "portraits of men unknown; and when (probably about that time) the entrances were bricked up, they were lost to sight altogether. When the building was deserted by the military, it became an auction-room and warehouse; and afterward, in 1737, Messrs. Copeland and Spode converted it into a pottery warehouse. In 1845 the old building was removed for the erection of the College of Surgeons; and in 1848, when its last remains were also removed, the long-forgotten terra-cotta busts once again saw daylight. Before their value was

discovered the workmen had thrown down the bust of Jonson and utterly destroyed it. From this fate the Shakespeare bust was preserved by Mr. Clift, whose daughter afterward became the wife of the late Sir Richard Owen, to whom it was bequeathed; and from whom, thanks to the kindness of his son, the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Richmond, and Sir William Flower, it has now become the most valuable of many valuable Shakespearian relics in the library of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. There we may hope its continued existence will never again be endangered by that ignorance and careless indifference through which we had so narrow an escape of losing it altogether."

The bust, a picture of which is reproduced here from the *Tribune*, closely resembles the famous Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, once likewise the property of D'Avenant. This circumstance would seem to point to the authenticity of the likeness, the more so as the famous Darmstadt death-mask presents virtually the same features. A reproduction of the D'Avenant Bust will form the supplement of to-day's *Dramatic Mirror*.



Collier's "Tempest" and "Othello" Ballads

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As certain well-known and trusted editors of Shakspeare's plays on both sides of the Atlantic have quoted or treated as genuine two Shakspeare ballads which are held to be spurious by some of the best judges in England, I ask you to call the attention of Shakspeare students in the United States to the extract below from the 1889 Catalogue of Additions to the MSS. in the British Museum, which states the opinion of Dr. E. M. Thompson, then Keeper of the MSS., now Chief Librarian, and Mr. G. F. Warner, besides Dr. E. Scott, the present Keeper. The forgery arose in this wise. J. P. Collier had a genuine seventeenth-century paper MS. copy of "Eikon Basilike," made on only one side of each leaf, and with leaves 1, 2, 3 and 137 to 152 blank. On these blank leaves and on the backs of the others turned upside down, Collier copied, in his sham-antique hand, several old ballads like "Mary Ambree," and at least three of his own writing, two of which were his "Tempest" and "Othello" ballads. This MS. is additional MS

"32,380. 1. EIKON BASILIKE, the Pourtraiture of His Sacred Majestie [Charles I.] in his solitudes and sufferings: a copy probably made from the first printed edition of 1648-9, immediately after its publication."

2. Ballads, thirty in number, some being genuine,* and some spurious. Their titles are given by J. P. Collier in his *New Particulars Regarding the Works of Shakespeare*, 1836, two of them, viz., "The Tragedie of Othello the Moor" (f. 111 b), and "The Inchaned Island" (f. 82 b), being descriptive of the same Tales as Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Tempest." Both have been printed by J. P. Collier, the first in his *New Particulars*, etc., p. 49, and the second in his *Further Particulars Regarding Shakespeare and His Works*, 1839, p. 56; and both of them together with a third entitled "The Atheist's Tragedy" (four stanzas of which were printed in *New Particulars*, p. 47), have been denounced as forgeries (see *The Academy*, vol. ix., 1876, p. 313; xxvii., 1885, p. 170).

"The [30] ballads are, for the most part,† written, reversing the book, on the verse sides of the leaves which were left blank by the transcriber of the Eikon Basilike. The writing [of all the 30 Ballads] is by a modern hand imitating one of the seventeenth century, and is of the same cast, and undoubtedly by the same hand, as various fabricated documents and entries professing to be of the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and connected with the history of Shakespeare and the English stage, which have been interpolated among the MSS. at Bridgewater House and Dulwich College (see facsimiles in *A Complete View of the Shakspeare Controversy*, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., 1861). Paper; ff. 153, xviii and xixth cent. Small quarto."

"But," some defender of Collier may say, "allowing all this, how do you prove that the "Tempest" and "Othello" ballads were composed by Collier, and not taken from older MSS.?" The answer is:—1. Every expert student of old ballads recognizes the modern nineteenth-century note all through these two ballads, the absence of seventeenth-century characteristics; 2. Collier, then, never did, and never could—nor can anyone else,—produce the originals of these ballads, as those of "Mary Ambree" can be shown; 3. After the complete and well-known exposures of Collier's other forgeries and deceits, no one has a right to accept as genuine any suspected production of his, until unexceptionable evidence has established its authenticity. And no scrap of such evidence exists for these "Tempest" and "Othello" ballads.

Now you have in the United States the one great authority on ballads, a man as widely revered for his learning and his devotion to his subject as for his acumen and unblemished character. To him, Prof. Francis James Child of Harvard, I venture to appeal, through your columns, for his judgment on these "Tempest" and "Othello" ballads of Collier's. With his countrymen as well as mine, Prof. Child's opinion on this point will be decisive. And if he will be so good as to give it, he will do a great service to Shakspeare students and to lovers of ballads and truth.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

3 ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, PRIMROSE HILL, LONDON, N.W.,
1 May, 1895.

London Letter

THE ROYAL ACADEMY opened on Monday, the inauguration taking place, in accordance with custom, in the annual banquet on Saturday evening. Sir Frederick Leighton unfortunately was not in the chair. His health has been so unsatisfactory lately that he was ordered abroad by his physician, and, in his absence, his place was filled by Sir John Millais, who was himself suffering from a serious cold, and had almost lost his voice. During the first part of the evening, indeed, his remarks were inaudible to all but those in his immediate neighborhood; but later on his voice returned to him, and he spoke to admirable effect. The meeting included the usual contingent of royalty. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck were all present. Among the younger men who were honored by an invitation were Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson—a pleasing recognition of the younger school in literature. The toast of "Literature," however, was omitted, to the general surprise of the company. The "Drama" was responded to by Mr. Pinero, who thanked his gods for the liberty of treatment extended nowadays to the British dramatist, and hailed the new birth of a "thoughtful, serious drama in England." The speeches, as a whole, were not very brilliant.

* That is, known in authentic old books or MSS.

† All but those on leaves 1, 2, 3, and 137 to 152.

Of the exhibition itself it is not for your correspondent to speak, but rather for those who have made a special study of art. Mr. Alma Tadema, it seems to be allowed, has seldom done a better piece of work than his new picture of "Spring." He has, I believe, had it for some time upon his easel, and it has had all the advantage of elaborate finish. Sir John Millais contributes a strange picture, "Speak! Speak!" representing the appearance to a man in bed of the spectre of his dead love, in which the effects of artificial light from a lamp on the table and of natural light from the moon without are cleverly contrasted. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Flaming June" is hourly surrounded by admirers. Nothing, perhaps, is receiving more attention than a statue by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, "The Joy of Life"—a girl dancing, with one leg drawn up in the act of pirouetting, and her draperies all astir with movement. Its success is great, and has been followed by a gratifying commission. Mr. Thornycroft has this week been desired by the Government to execute a statue of Oliver Cromwell for the square before the Houses of Parliament. This is a high distinction, and one that is safe to result in a fine piece of work.

M. Alphonse Daudet arrived in London about half-past eight on Monday evening, on a visit to England which is likely to extend over some five or six weeks. His family are with him, and he is staying, for the present, at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street. He was somewhat unfortunate in the circumstances of his arrival. In the first place, the principal article of his luggage, a trunk containing the best part of his own and Mme. Daudet's wardrobe, was left at Dover, and could not be recovered till late on Tuesday. In addition to this, it had been announced that the party would arrive at Charing Cross Station, where a large company of literary men and others was congregated to greet them. As a matter of fact, however, they travelled to Victoria, and were therefore welcomed by a comparatively small knot of friends. M. Daudet is to be entertained at various luncheons during the present week, and will later on travel to Scotland, the beauties of which he is particularly anxious to see. Mr. Henry James is acting as host to M. Daudet during his visit, and has made all arrangements for his entertainment in advance.*

Another visitor from Paris arrived this week in the person of Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, who is appearing at the Empire, the scene of her old London triumphs. On Tuesday afternoon she gave a private salon at the Savoy Hotel, when she sang to a select company of guests the new songs with which she comes to captivate the town. It is said that during the afternoon Mlle. Guilbert paid a special compliment to Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy (Miss Cissy Loftus), which had reference to that lady's excellent imitations of the French singer's own *chansonnettes*. The Empire program is rendered additionally attractive this week by the production of a new romantic ballet, "Faust," in which that fine actress, Mme. Cavallazzi, plays the hero, and Mlle. Zanfretta (Mrs. Charles Lauri) is a wonderfully subtle Mephistopheles. The lovers of the music-hall could scarcely desire a better entertainment.

On Monday evening Mr. G. W. Smalley was entertained by his friends at a banquet on the occasion of his accepting the post of New York correspondent to the *Times*. There were present representatives of all the leading American journals, and of every considerable London paper, including Mr. John Walter of the *Times*; the American Ambassador, Sir Francis Jeune and Mr. Henry James were also among the guests. Mr. Smalley sails for New York at the end of this month, taking with him the good wishes of a very wide circle of friends, and commissions for enough work to fill his leisure hours for many months. The speeches on Monday night were ample evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by his brothers of the pen in this country.

While the Academy banquet was proceeding, Mr. Irving was unfolding his new program at the Lyceum to a large and distinguished audience. The result was a great triumph for the actor, and little else. Dr. Doyle's "Story of Waterloo" has already been described in these columns, and Mr. Irving's performance as Corporal Brewster has been classed, by common consent, among his principal achievements. The chief interest of the evening centred in "Don Quixote," and it is vain to pretend that the prevailing sentiment at the close was other than a sense of disappointment. It seems that Mr. Irving has had a good deal of difficulty over this play. He commissioned the late W. G. Wills several years ago to write him a full-length drama on the subject, and, when Wills's manuscript was delivered, it failed to satisfy. It was accordingly relegated to a pigeonhole, and another author was desired to produce an entirely different piece on the same subject, but, when the second play came to hand, it proved to be

even less possible. Subsequently Mr. Irving decided to cut down Wills's version, and entrusted it (it is said) to Mr. Alfred Calmour, author of "The Amber Heart," for the purpose. The result was the brief study of about an hour's duration, produced on Saturday. Well, it was probably impossible to make a good play out of "Don Quixote"; the story, take it which way you will, is scarcely built of dramatic elements. Certainly, Wills has failed. It was clear from the first that the audience were bemused: they did not know how to take the piece. They came to be pleased, but remained to be puzzled. The thing was shapeless, vague and ineffective. Out of it all, however, stood in brilliant relief the figure of Mr. Irving himself. As he appeared in the inn-yard on his lean charger, tilting at the pump, he looked the Knight of Cervantes come to life. Throughout the play he scored all along the line: at once a humorous and a pathetic figure. Sancho Panza, entrusted to Mr. Johnson, had very few chances, nor did any of the other characters shine. It was Mr. Irving's evening, and a genuine personal triumph. "Don Quixote" can only be played for a little while, as there is to be a series of revivals later. It will serve its turn; but it is a thousand pities that Mr. Irving has not a fuller opportunity, for it is a singular and impressive performance.

There is a report that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is about to add to his manifold versatility by becoming manager of a theatre. It is said that on Wednesday he signed a contract with Mr. Comyns Carr by which he becomes, for the time, lessee of the Comedy Theatre, and that he will there produce a new play of his own, called (I believe) "The Progress of the Prude." I ought to say, however, that in Mr. Jerome's own paper, *To-Day*, there is no mention of this, and that his stage-critic reports that Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. Hawtreys are not unlikely to take over the Comedy when "Delia Harding" ceases to attract. It is possible, therefore, that the rumor is, in any case, premature. It is arranged that Miss Olga Nethersole shall be the next representative of the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, and, as Mrs. Patrick Campbell has to leave the Garrick on Saturday, the house will be closed for a few days to give Miss Nethersole time for rehearsal. The forthcoming play of chief importance is due on Saturday night at the St. James's Theatre, when Mr. Alexander will produce Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Triumph of the Philistines," which has a long and somewhat bombastic sub-title, after the new fashion of nomenclature. A good deal is expected of this piece, and there will be more to say of it next week.

LONDON, 10 May, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IN THE INTERESTING reference to Frederick Gleason, contributed by Mr. W. H. Coleman to *The Critic* two weeks ago, there was the quoted statement that, after ten years of unprecedented success as a publisher, he retired, "having realized an ample competency fully commensurate with his desires." How few know that this same publisher, who at one time was drawing an income of more than \$60,000 a year, is to-day, at the age of 78, practically penniless, and an inmate of the Old Men's Home in Boston. The half-million dollars that he made in the publishing business, he lost in Wall Street, and now, feeble and broken, though always pleasant and cheerful, the father of the illustrated press of America lives in a humble room in a house which in his prosperous days he might have purchased with the income of a few weeks. Far back in 1842 Mr. Gleason began to print cheap novels in Boston. Two years later he started *The Flag of Our Union*, which, according to his word, was the first literary paper in this country, as its only rival, *The Olive Branch*, was half religious and half story-paper. He built *The Flag of Our Union* so rapidly that within ten years it was paying \$25,000 a year. Then he conceived the idea of his *Pictorial*, and on that paper, I may add, gave to Frank Leslie, then just over from England, the first employment he had in this country, putting him in charge of the engraving room. Before long Mr. Gleason had some 200 men at work in his big building in Tremont Street, and it was there that P. T. Barnum went over the *Pictorial's* establishment, saw the nine presses going night and day, obtained from the publisher all the points possible, and then, to the latter's surprise, returned to New York to start the illustrated New York paper to which *The Critic* made reference in its note on Mr. Coleman's letter. At that time Mr. Gleason was not making money, and he told Barnum that the experiment was risky; but the great showman persisted, and, in fact, declared that he would run Gleason out of the pictorial business. Thereat, the editor of *Gleason's Pictorial* offered a bet of \$10,000 to Mr. Barnum that he would not overthrow Gleason in the field.

* See page 331.

At that time, the *Pictorial* was selling for \$4 a year, and, as everything was done by hand, it was costing about \$400 a week to publish. Hearing that Barnum was going to reduce the price to \$3 a year, Mr. Gleason cut in ahead of him by announcing that on the first of January (the date the Barnum paper was to start), the *Pictorial*, on account of its great success, would reduce the price to \$3 a year. Barnum's people afterwards tried to get Mr. Gleason to increase the price and reduce the size of his paper, but he declined. The New York paper then, of its own accord, came down from sixteen pages to eight, whereat Mr. Gleason wrote and published in the *Pictorial* these two lines:—"We have received half of Barnum's paper. We wonder who has got the other half." Ultimately the New York concern was sold out to the Boston firm, and when Mr. Gleason said that he wanted Barnum to sign a paper that he would not publish another illustrated paper for two years, the showman, who had then received all the experience he wanted in the publishing business, declared emphatically, "If you will give me 25 cents more, I will pledge you never, in my life, to publish another illustrated paper." These facts were all told by Mr. Gleason to a friend of mine a short time ago, so that they are as accurate as memory can make them. I believe it was in 1854 that Mr. Gleason sold out for \$200,000 and a promised annuity of \$25,000. His income at that time was \$65,000 a year. Mr. Ballou, the purchaser, changed the name of the paper to *Ballou's Pictorial*, but under that title it lasted only a year or two. Harper & Bros. saw their opportunity when Mr. Gleason retired, and turned their *Journal of Civilization* into *The Illustrated Weekly* of New York. So, in a former year, when he retired from *The Flag of Our Union*, Robert Bonner, who had seen Mr. Gleason so rich that he could spend \$10,000 a year simply to enjoy the winter with his family in New York, decided that he could make money by having *The New York Illustrated* take the place of the older Boston paper. Mr. Gleason had brought out Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.—and Cobb, by the way, was such a prolific writer that the editor had to give him another name, "Austin C. Burdick," so that the people might not think one author was monopolizing the paper,—and to Cobb he paid \$100 a story. Bonner offered the author \$200 a story, and soon was giving him an income of \$3000 a year: in fact, I think he afterwards increased that sum considerably. In 1857 Mr. Gleason got into Wall Street, made \$50,000 one week, lost \$300,000 the next, and at the time of the crisis found his liabilities amounting to \$2,000,000, with only \$500,000 to meet them.

But now let us turn from a Boston publisher to the Boston home of books, the Public Library. The annual report of the Trustees has just been issued, and one important fact in the report is worthy of emphasis, as it shows the constantly increasing interest the Boston public takes in serious books. In Bates Hall, where these standard works are kept, in spite of the withdrawal of books during the moving from one building to another, the increase of circulation was about 460,000 volumes, or 23 per cent. over the same period of the preceding year. The increase in circulation of these standard books over that of six years ago was 100 per cent. Each year the average percentage of increase grew larger. The moving of the books began on 14 Dec., 1894, and on Jan. 28 every volume was in its proper place in the new building, without the loss, injury or misplacement of a single book. That surely is a remarkable record of carefulness. During the year some thirty-odd thousand volumes have been received as gifts. Here I may note that the members of one firm, Messrs. Copeland & Day, have made a significant move in presenting to the Library all the books they have published, promising, moreover, to send all their future books. The Library cost the City \$168,000 for maintenance, etc., during the year, the cost of the branches being \$42,000. This was exclusive of the cost of moving into the new building, which sum amounted to a little less than \$6000.

The Free Art Exhibition at the South End, designed by rich people of Boston for the benefit of their fellow-citizens less favored by fortune, has not been so largely attended this year as last, although that is probably due to the weather. Some 17,000 men and women have viewed the paintings during the twenty-six days of exhibition this spring. The voting experiment of last year was repeated, and A. H. Munsell's "Danger Ahead," showing an ocean steamer dashing through the waves, was chosen as the most popular picture, receiving 513 votes. Frederick Morgan's painting of the little girl caught in a rose-bush, "Roses and Thorns," belonging to Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln, received the next largest number of votes, 273; while third and fourth in the list stood religious pictures, Verestchagin's "Jesus in the Desert," owned by George H. Bradford (143 votes), and Brush's "Mother and Child," owned

by J. Montgomery Sears (135 votes); Monet's "Gardener's Hut" received but 30 votes. [See Art Notes.]

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg is to have leave of absence from Harvard College during the coming year and, as he still holds his Professorship of Psychology at Heidelberg, it is possible that he may not return to this country. During his few years' stay in America, the brilliant German scientist has made a study of our colleges, and intends to put his impressions in book-form.—The Massachusetts Highway Association has decided to publish a magazine.—The Harvard Memorial Society has organized, with Justin Winsor as President. Its object is to arrange a course of lectures connected with the history of Harvard College and of its graduates, and to mark with tablets the historic spots of the College, including the rooms formerly occupied by graduates now famous.

BOSTON, 21 May, 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE NEW VOLUME of poems by Mr. Louis J. Block of this city will be published within the month by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is called "The New World, with Other Verse," and includes the long poem which was privately printed at the time of the opening of the Fair, under the title of "El Nuevo Mundo," now sensibly translated. The book opens with "The Friendship of the Faiths," a part of which was read at the Parliament of Religions. It is careful and dignified, and these are qualities which distinguish all of Mr. Block's poetry. It is smooth, scholarly verse, flowing quietly and gently, never impassioned, rarely even forgetful of itself. Yet there is feeling in it, sincere and earnest, and the thought is often elevated. Mr. Block is not inspired by simple themes; only through occasional similes does any admiration of nature make itself evident. Man and his works, literature and its achievements—these are the things that appeal to him, and these he celebrates. There are long poems upon Plato and Dante and Goethe, and shorter ones on Lowell, Whitman and Stedman, to the last of whom the book is dedicated. It is easy to see in reading them that Mr. Block is a student, living with his books and literally worshipping the poets whom he extols. His imagination is not active nor illuminating, and his thought is frequently too complicated for true poetic expression. His choice of words is not always felicitous, and he sometimes mars a fine climax by the introduction of a prosaic epithet like "attender," "mid" used as a noun, "dislustered" and "mpanged." But at its best, though still conventional, Mr. Block's work is lucid, unaffected, rhythmical and elevated. And occasionally one comes upon such fine lines as these:—

"Adown the never-pausing river,
Out to the shoreless, tumbling seas,
From under skies wherein the clear light-giver
Watches the life of men and flocks and trees,
Forth to the dark realm of the Past
Float all high things at last."

And these from the tribute to Prof. David Swing:—

"Patient, serene, he bore the burdened years,
Felt the great world's deep woe,
Faced the new questions, crushed the newer fears,
Saw the sun's rising slow."

The little book called "Government and Co., Limited," which A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published for Mr. Horatio W. Seymour of this city, is like the blast of a trumpet. An "examination of the tendencies of privilege in the United States," it is clear, forcible and penetrating. Mr. Seymour does not compromise with his subject nor with his opponents; his blow is straight from the shoulder and his courage is prodigious. It is just the kind of document we need in this country, one which looks a political question squarely in the face and judges it as a question of right, and not as a question of expediency. His contention is that privilege in securing the taxation of one individual for the benefit of another, in class-discrimination, in blinding the people to the real danger of its encroachments, has not only injured the nation commercially, but morally also. Mr. Seymour is a good fighter, and in more than a score of short, terse, vigorous chapters he attacks the strongholds of protection. There is no wavering, no juggling with words, no diplomatic circumlocution. It will be attacked as one-sided, but that very strenuousness is a thing to welcome; we have had far too much trimming of sails to the shifting wind. This book does not face both ways; it stands firmly for one doctrine, that the way out of the difficulties it describes "is straight out to the higher ground of honesty and to the purer air of truth." Mr. Seymour was for many years the managing editor of the Chicago *Herald*, but he is now publisher of the

Chronicle, the new Democratic daily. The building and plant of *The Evening Post* have been secured for this paper, which is to be issued for the first time early in June.

The recent opening of Steinway Hall is important to the city because we have long needed here a small place for lectures and chamber concerts. The only rooms of the kind, Apollo Hall and the Auditorium Recital Hall, are both awkwardly arranged and bad acoustically. But the new hall seats about 700, and stands the test of sound perfectly. Its arrangement is capital, with one gallery and a line of boxes behind the parquet; the decorations are most felicitous. The chief colors are Tuscan red and dull green, an effective combination, and the motive of the designs is Italian Renaissance, the school to which the building itself belongs. Over the proscenium arch is a frieze painted by Mr. Charles Holloway of this city, which is the centre and focus of the decoration of the hall. The subject is chosen from Norse mythology, but treated in such a way that it is in keeping with the main design. Mr. Holloway has conceived his theme imaginatively and painted it decoratively, with a knowledge of the limitations and the opportunities of that kind of work. The burial of Balder gives him a fine opportunity for the processional effect which is desirable in such a composition, and the interpretation seems to have caught the spirit of the northern myths. Its coloring is simple and yet rich, very lovely in tone. The figures, especially the horses, are in a measure conventionalized in the true decorative spirit. As a whole it is a dignified and noble piece of work, with a certain beautiful serenity about it. Mr. Dwight H. Perkins is the architect of the Hall and the high building in Van Buren Street which contains it. The design of the exterior is excellent in its simplicity and imposing strength, for the arched entrance is flanked by columns which seem large enough to support the great superstructure. Mr. Perkins is a young architect, who, since he can do work of this kind, deserves to be known.

Secretary Carlisle's selection of Mr. Henry Ives Cobb as architect of the new Federal building to be erected in this city is a fortunate one. Mr. Cobb has attained a great reputation here and has done much to beautify the city. The Newberry Library, the Union and Athletic clubs, and the University of Chicago are the finest things he has done here; and, though his designs for office buildings are much less notable, we may confidently expect a scholarly and beautiful piece of work. The precedent established by this selection of a prominent architect for Federal work is of enormous importance.

CHICAGO, 21 May, 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

The Fine Arts

The Loan Exhibition for Charity

THE ART LOAN EXHIBITION at Ortgies's galleries in aid of the New York Cancer Hospital and other charities has been made more than ever attractive by the addition to the many works of art there displayed of two fine landscapes by Turner and an important painting by Constable, both belonging to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The "Grand Canal, Venice," and "Boulogne Harbor" are examples of Turner's second and most generally appreciated manner, mid-way between his early topographical work and his later extravaganzas in color. Both are very high in key compared with the Constable, "Hadleigh Castle," which hangs between them. The latter is a view of two ruined towers upon a height, with a wide expanse of flat coastwise country below to the right, and a somewhat conventional stormy sky, very impressive, however, from its huge masses of rolling cumulus cloud. It was originally a dark picture and has become still darker with age. Its execution, too, is of that very broad sort which with most English painters results in emptiness; but Constable, like our own Joe Jefferson, can always be depended upon to reflect, at least, the sentiment of the scene. It is perhaps for this reason that the neighborhood of the "Hadleigh Castle" makes the "Grand Canal," a painting which displays vastly more knowledge both of nature and of art, somewhat cold and hard. But in the "Boulogne Harbor," Turner's mastery over clouds and waves makes us quite forget his want of emotion. Both these paintings seem to have suffered very little, if at all, from time. With the "Staffa" and the "British War-ship Stranded on the French Coast" in the Lenox Library, and the "Erebus" in the Metropolitan Museum, they make five splendid examples of Turner's best period now on public exhibition in New York City.

The managers of the exhibition have published, for the benefit of the same charities, five monographs, excellently printed and generously illustrated. They are on "Lace," by Mrs. J. Boor-

man Johnston; "Silver," by J. H. Buck; "Tapestry and Embroidery," by J. Getz; "Bookbinding," by William L. Andrews and William Matthews; and "Fans," by Miss Waern. We shall discuss them at length in an early number of *The Critic*, contenting ourselves for the present with drawing the attention of collectors and amateurs to their publication. The exhibition will remain open only till May 29.

Art Notes

SINCE ITS OPENING, the Free Art Exhibition at the Hebrew Institute, in East Broadway, under the auspices of the University Settlement Society and the Educational Alliance, has been visited by 50,280 people. The attendance on last Saturday was 7,244; on Sunday 5,607. These figures indicate that the number of visitors this year will be double that at the two former exhibitions.

—The centenary of Corot's birth will be celebrated by an exhibition of his works in Paris, and the erection of a monument in the Parc Monceau.

—The Macy Manual Art Building at the Teachers' College was formally opened on May 18. There was a demonstration of the principles of Froebel's system by the college kindergarten department, under the direction of the superintendent, Miss Angeline Brooks; and meetings for the discussion of the manual arts, and of the system of teaching the same. The proceeds of a luncheon served by members of the Brooks Alumnae Association were given to the Bryson Kindergarten, one of the schools established by the Kindergarten Society of this city.

—The Duchess d'Uzès is at work on a colossal statue of the Virgin, which she intends to place on a rocky peak on her estate.

—J. F. Raffaelli, the French painter whose pictures were exhibited here with those of Mr. Abbey, sailed for France on Tuesday last. He had shown his paintings and delivered several lectures in several of the larger American cities.

—"Society Pictures by George du Maurier" is a limp, oblong, paper-covered, badly printed collection of caricatures by the author of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Triby." (C. H. Sergel & Co.)

Drama

A Play and Some Sketches

IT IS THE fashion just now for playwrights to print their unacted plays. Mr. Hutton C. Hamilton has followed it and given to the world his "Martha," a highly emotional effort, in three acts or spasms. It is a tale of illicit love, which in the end leaves the stage strewn with corpses. The heroine is shut up in a room with the dead body of a cholera victim, the hero is shot fatally in attempting to rejoin her, and she herself is killed by the soldiers who are keeping her in quarantine. All this occurs in the Spanish Pyrenees. As a specimen of a novice's work in the line of passion and sensationalism, the piece is rather amusing, but it would be unkind to treat it seriously, although it indicates some sense of theatrical situation. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is not easy to discern any particular reason for the publication in book-form of the "Theatrical Sketches" by "Margaret." They refer, mostly, to persons of small importance in the theatrical or any other world, and can be ranked only with the paltry personal gossip of the theatrical columns in the daily newspapers. The friends of one or two illustrious players, now dead, will not be pleased to find their names in such indifferent society. (Merriam Co.)

Some time ago there appeared a condensed version of "Madame Sans-Gêne," a novel founded on Sardou's play of the same name and written apparently with the view of profiting by the great success of the story in dramatic form. An unabridged translation of the novel has now been published, with a number of illustrations, which are about as valuable as the text. Measured by quantity, this volume is worth more than its predecessor, and it will find favor, doubtless, among those readers who desire fuller acquaintance with the almost wholly fictitious personages of the drama. (Boston: Charles E. Brown & Co.)

Music

"The Tzigane" at Abbey's

THIS OPERETTA by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, produced at Abbey's on May 16, is not a work of art. Neither is it a skilful piece of dramatization. It is a gaudy and dazzling spectacle, and its stage-pictures, which at times remind one of the palmy days of the Kiralfy Brothers, may attract the public; but it cannot receive commendation in this place. Mr. Smith, in pre-

paring his book, labored under the great disadvantage of having to make the interest of his story centre in the personal appearance and the voice of Miss Lillian Russell, who, despite the glory of her garments and the glamor of her vocal athletics, was not an inspiring heroine. Mr. Smith's plot is uninteresting; his incidents are insignificant. Two actions impress themselves upon the memory—an emotional fit of Mr. Jefferson de Angelis in the first act, and a simulation of extreme intoxication by Mr. Joseph Herbert in the second. There is no literary merit in the dialogue or the lyrics. Mr. Smith's highest achievement is an effective scenic display at the close of the second act, when the Tsar and his army are seen setting out to turn Napoleon and his *Grande Armée* back from Moscow.

Mr. de Koven's music begins well and ends lamely. He starts with Russian folk-melodies and speedily drops into Viennese waltzes and Sullivan melodies. The finale of the second act is effective, and the "Ring Song" is a lovely example of what the best operetta music ought to be. Mr. de Koven has proved himself to be capable of much more interesting work than this, and he will doubtless please the public again; but he must have a better libretto. The book is the more important part of an operetta. No audience will sit through a bad play for the sake of a few good musical numbers, but a good, brisk comedy will carry inferior music. The performance of the operetta is satisfactory. The mounting of the production is simply gorgeous, the costumes are marvels of taste, and the scenery has a high theatrical value.

The New Jersey Historical Society

THIS SOCIETY celebrated its semi-centenary on May 16 in the Lenox Lyceum, Newark, ex-President Harrison being the guest of honor. Dr. Samuel H. Pennington, the Society's President, pre-



sided; the ceremonies were opened with a review of the Society's history by the Recording Secretary, Mr. William Nelson. Dr. Austin Scott, President of Rutgers College, offered to Mr. Harrison, in the name of the Society, a gold medal commemorating the centenary of Washington's inauguration. In the course of his address of thanks, Mr. Harrison made the following remarks:—

"I recall, gentlemen, with pleasure, that great trip through your State in 1889, when, with every demonstration of honor to the flag and of honor to those

who for the time being held public office, the citizens of New Jersey and New York worthily commemorated the establishment of the National Union and the inauguration of the civil government under the Constitution. It will be to me a great pleasure to add this medal which your Society has so generously voted, and which this Society's representative has so graciously presented, to other souvenirs of a great occasion. And now, my countrymen, one word. This Society, as I have said, is organized for retrospect, but retrospect that is full of instruction and that takes hold of the future. If these incidents of early life in New Jersey were merely reminiscences—if you did not find in the example of these pioneers and in the example of these heroes in war and these leaders in civic thought, inspiration for the future, your Society would have a less worthy subject of study and pursuit. But, my countrymen, in all these things there is inspiration. We are taught a lesson that should influence us as citizens in dealing with these great questions that are before us.

"We shall not lose hope of the right solution of every public question; we shall not lose hope that the glory of the flag shall be augmented as the years go on. We shall not lose hope that the granite foundation upon which our Government has been established shall endure so long as we find in the hearts of our fellow-citizens veneration for those who framed this Government and love for those who died that it might be established. And now, gentlemen of the Society, Mr. President, I beg you to excuse further speech, to pardon the inaccuracy of what has been said, and to allow me in conclusion profoundly to thank you, not only for this medal, but for the gracious reception which you have given to me to-day."

Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton closed the exercises with

an address on "The Course of American History." Ex-President Harrison was made an honorary member of the Society.

The Willard Statue

THE STATUE of Emma Hart Willard, by Alexander Doyle, presented to the Troy Female Seminary by an association formed for that purpose, was unveiled on May 16. Francis N. Mann, Jr., President of the association, made the presentation speech, and the Rev. Dr. John M. Taylor, President of Vassar College, delivered the oration. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. J. Ireland Tucker of Troy. In the afternoon of the same day took place the dedication of Russell Sage Memorial Hall, Mr. Sage's gift to the Seminary where Mrs. Sage was educated, President Stryker of Hamilton College making the presentation speech. Mr. Depew delivered an oration commemorating Miss Willard and her noble pioneer work for the cause of the education of woman. In conclusion he said:—

"The most interesting book which could be issued from our press would be one which detailed the results of higher education for women in the last quarter of a century. It has opened for them opportunities for a livelihood beyond the dreams of the past. It has emancipated them from the needle, with its conditions of slavery and of pauperism. It has given them numberless fields where brains and training receive their reward. Not only has the community been relieved from dangers, not only has the State been saved from burdens, not only has the world had its distress enormously alleviated, but industry and art and invention have been stimulated and quickened by woman's touch and genius. Journalism and literature have been broadened and vivified by the efforts of the alumnae of these great institutions. The American home has found in educated woman a more attractive wife, and a mother who is also a teacher. The educated woman has arrived, and her coming has done as much for the beauty and the splendor and the loveliness of American civilization as the discovery of America by Columbus under the auspices of Queen Isabella did for the world."

M. Daudet Starts for England

[G. W. S., in the *Tribune*]

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET's visit to London seems likely to occur within a few days.* He has been much heralded and interviewed. The French press discusses his going as if he were bound for Central Africa. The English press discusses his coming as if he were a Siamese Prince, or an envoy from another planet. M. Daudet himself plainly regards his journey as an adventure entitling him to the prayers of the pious in all the churches. "My preparations," he cries in tragic tones, "are at last complete." There is some justification for the tragic tones if you reflect that he travels with a whole caravan of relations and attendants; his wife, his mother-in-law, his brother, I think, certainly his son and his son's wife and his secretary and I know not how many more. An Englishman would make less fuss if he were setting out for the Malay Peninsula. To a Frenchman, and perhaps to a French writer most of all, the fuss is part of the attraction. He likes to feel that the eyes of his countrymen are on him as he buys his ticket at the Gare du Nord or bends over his basin on the Channel steamer. He firmly believes that he is to encounter unknown perils. He has certainly made his will and taken leave of his friends with a solemnity befitting one who departs and knows not whether he shall ever return. To him, as to most of his countrymen, a journey of eight hours, four of them beyond the confines of his native land, is an event. He thinks of himself as a rival to Stanley and a worthy successor to the Abbé Huc. The English are amused but keep their countenances, and they are quite prepared to welcome a distinguished writer without scrutinizing his foibles, and to lionize him to his heart's content.

M. Daudet's most intimate friend in England seems to be an eminent American, Mr. Henry James, to whom M. Daudet consigns himself, as he explains in his interview. But there are many literary societies which will be only too glad to pour out their homage at the Frenchman's feet. The Institute of Journalists, which grovelled before M. Zola, may be expected to offer a better deserved tribute to M. Daudet. I hope they will, but whether they do or not, the memory of their melancholy mistake remains. M. Daudet has once more taken pains to make it clear that he is not a borrower from Dickens, and that he wrote "Fromont Jeune" before he had read the Englishman. But that is one of those rooted convictions to which the journalist himself clings.

* See London Letter.

Notes

WHILE THE EDITOR of *Harper's Monthly* carefully guards the secret of the authorship of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," the publishers of the book will be less guarded. When the serial publication is finished and the story appears in book-form, it will bear the name of the author on its title-page. There will be a lively demand for the first copy that leaves the press!

—A volume of lectures on historical subjects, by the late Bishop Lightfoot, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in the course of the present year, in the Eversley Series. Three lectures on Christian life in the second and third centuries, and two on England in the latter half of the thirteenth century, have not been previously published. The volume will be edited by the Rev. J. R. Harmer, Bishop-Designate of Adelaide. The same firm will publish a translation of Dr. Th. Kocher's "Text-Book of Operative Surgery," and announces that "The Wild Ass's Skin," the first volume of the new edition of Balzac, edited by George Saintsbury, will be issued at once. A volume of "Passages of the Bible, Chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest," by J. G. Frazer, is in press.

—Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "Three Months in the Forests of France," a pilgrimage in search of vestiges of the Irish saints, by Margaret Stokes, author of "Six Months in the Apennines"; and Prof. Cheyne's "Introduction to the Book of Isaiah." This house will publish before the end of May Mr. Smalley's volume of "Studies of Men," selected from his London correspondence in the *Tribune*; and it announces the following additions to Bohn's libraries: "Select Essays of John Stuart Mill" and "Harriet Martineau's and Comte's Positive Philosophy," in three volumes, with an introduction by Frederic Harrison.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation "The Old Man Savarin," a volume of short stories, by Edward W. Thompson of *The Youth's Companion*; and "Labor Legislation in the United States," by W. B. Shaw, sub-editor of *The Review of Reviews*.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue in June a volume containing the forty-two articles on Lincoln printed in *The Independent* of April 4, with an introduction by Dr. William Hayes Ward. They announce, also, a popular illustrated edition, at a reduced price, of "The Narrative of Captain Coignet, Soldier of the Empire."

—In "Children of the Soil," Henryk Sienkiewicz treats the question, "What can an honorable woman do to assist a man in the present age in civilized society?" He shows what a vain, selfish and untrue woman can do to destroy a man, and uses her as an effective foil for the heroine of the story. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., who announce, also, "The Head of a Hundred: Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, Esq., sometime an Officer in the Colony of Virginia," edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, whose "Colonial Cavalier" is reviewed on another page of this number of *The Critic*.

—A. C. McClurg & Co. will shortly publish "The Eye and its Relation to Health," by Chalmers Prentice, M. D.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press the Memoirs of Gen. James Longstreet; a novel by Capt. King, "Captain Dreams," and one by the author of "The Queen Against Owen," entitled "The Prince of Balkistan"; and two short tales by Josiah Allen's Wife, "Josiah's Alarm" and "Abel Perry's Funeral," in pocket-editions. Owen Wister's first novel, "The Dragon of Wantley: his Tale," has gone into a second edition.

—Ginn & Co. have ready a volume of "Exercises in Old English," by Prof. Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., of Yale.

—Mr. Bok has secured the services of Mr. William Martin Johnson, who illustrated the Garfield edition of "Ben Hur," as art editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*; he has secured, also, the services of a rising young journalist as his assistant editor. Heretofore Mr. Bok has been his own art and literary editor, but now he proposes to do less detail work and to give more time to getting up new ideas.

—The Burrows Bros. Co. of Cleveland, O., announce the first complete reissue of the Jesuit Relations, the original text to be accompanied page for page by a careful English translation. The work, which will be completed in about sixty volumes of 300 pages each, will contain facsimiles of the different title-pages, reproductions of all the maps and plates, notes, bibliographies, etc. The edition will probably be limited to 750 copies, and publication be begun in the fall. The only complete set of the Relations now existing is in the Lenox Library.

—The first number of *The Bachelor of Arts*, a "monthly magazine devoted to university interests and general literature," is a most creditable performance. In general make-up it is unconventional, being long and narrow, instead of short and thick, and the typography is attractive. John Seymour Wood, author of "Gramercy Park" and other clever stories, is the literary editor, and Walter Camp the athletic editor. There are poems by Gertrude Hall, Albert Matthews and Duffield Osborne, and prose by Mabel L. Todd, H. A. Winthrop, E. S. Martin, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland and others. Judge Howland describes a "town and gown" riot in New Haven in 1854 in which he took part, and his description is as vivid as that of a trained war-correspondent. The department of Book Notices contains much lively reading.

—Mrs. Burton Harrison has written an Essay on "The Myth of the 'Four Hundred,'" which will appear in the July *Cosmopolitan*. There is no writer better fitted to dispel this myth than Mrs. Harrison: her essay will be awaited with keen interest.

—Mr. R. W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*, sailed for Europe with his family, on the Normannia, on Thursday last. He will remain abroad till autumn, and then, after a few months' stay in New York, will rejoin his family on the Continent. It is his second visit to Europe, the first having been made over fifteen years ago.

—William Dean Howells has recorded his experiences with the begging fraternity in two papers written for *The Century*, the first of which will appear in the June number.

—Mark Twain, who arrived from Europe on May 18, went to see the dramatization of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" for the first time on Saturday night last. Someone spied Mr. Clemens in his box and called upon him for a speech. "Never in my life," he said, "have I been able to make a speech without preparation, and I assure you that this position in which I find myself is one totally unexpected. I have been hemmed in all to-day by W. D. Howells and other frivolous persons, and we have been talking everything in the world except that of which speeches are constructed. Then, too, seven days on the water is not conducive to speech-making. I will only say that I congratulate Mr. Mayo. He has certainly made a beautiful play out of my rubbish. His is a charming gift. Confidentially, I have always had an idea that I was well equipped to write plays, but I have never encountered a manager who agreed with me." In August Mr. Clemens will start on a lecturing-tour around the world, which will end in May, 1896. San Francisco will be the starting-point, the itinerary including Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Ceylon, India, South Africa and England. His manager is R. S. Smithe of Melbourne. Wednesday night, by the way, was a "Mark Twain night" at the Herald Square Theatre, Mr. Clemens being present attended by a number of prominent literary people. He made a capital speech.

—The condition of Gail Hamilton has not improved during this week. But little hope is left of her recovery.

—Franz von Suppé, the well-known Austrian composer, died in Vienna on May 22. He was born at Spalato, Dalmatia, 20 April, 1820. His full name was Francesco Ezechiele Ermenegildo Cavaliere Suppé Remelli. His best-known works are the operettas "Fatinitza" and "Boccaccio," and the overture to "Poet and Peasant." He wrote, also, a requiem, a symphony and a mass, besides overtures, quartettes, etc.

—The Royal Geographical Society commemorated, on May 20, the fiftieth anniversary of the departure from England of the third Arctic expedition of Sir John Franklin, which sailed from Greenwich on May 24, 1845, and never returned. Among those present were the Duke of York, Mr. Bayard, and some of the survivors of the expeditions which went in search of Sir John Franklin.

—At the sale, by Bangs & Co., last week, of Charles A. Montgomery's collection of first editions of American authors, Lowell's "The Biglow Papers," Cambridge, 1848, brought \$17.50; "A Fable for Critics," Putnam, 1848, \$8.50; "Fireside Travels," Boston, 1864, \$2.50; "The Biglow Papers," Second Series, Boston, 1867, \$7.50; "Among My Books," 1870, \$7, and "My Study Windows," 1871, \$5.50; Donald G. Mitchell's "Fresh Gleanings," Harper's, 1847, his first book, \$3.50; "Reveries of a Bachelor," New York, 1850, \$4.25; G. P. Morris, "The Deserted Bride," etc., 1853, \$3; J. K. Paulding, "New York," 1828, scarce, \$5.25; "A Christmas Gift from Fairy Land," Appletons, 1838, \$5.25; E. A. Poe, "The Conchologist's First Book," Philadelphia, for the author, 1839, original pink boards, \$8; W. Gilmore Simms, "The Book of My Lady, a Melange," Philadelphia, 1833, very little known, \$7; Richard Henry Stoddard,

"Poems," brown cloth, Ticknor, 1852, \$5; Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "The Mayflower," New York, 1843, \$4.50; Bayard Taylor, "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," \$2.25; H. D. Thoreau, "Excursions," Boston, 1863, \$3; John G. Whittier, "Incidental Poems, Accompanied with Letters," etc., Haverhill (Mass.), A. W. Thayer, printer, 1828, containing Whittier's first poem in a book, \$35; same, "Poems," 1838, \$5.50; same, 1849, \$5.25; N. P. Willis, "Sketches," S. G. Goodrich, 1827, his first book when only twenty, \$3.85; and "The Chap-book," vol. I., Chicago, Stone & Kimball, 1894, \$6.25.

The following prices also were paid: T. B. Aldrich, "Daisy's Necklace," 1857, \$2.70; W. C. Bryant, "Discourse on W. Irving," 1860, \$4; "Hymns," 40 p., n. d., \$4; George William Curtis, "Nile Notes," 1851, \$5.25; "The Potiphar Papers," 1853, \$4.05; "The Croakers," Bradford Club, 1860, 100 printed, \$8; R. W. Emerson, "English Traits," 1856, \$6; J. T. Fields, "With Charles Dickens, 1876, \$2; "Philip Freneau's Works," Philada., 1788, \$2.75; Goodale, "In Berkshire," 1879-'80, \$1.60; Fitz-Greene Halleck, "Alnwick Castle," 1836, \$4; Hawthorne, "Mosses from an Old Manse," 1846, \$9; Seven Gables," uncut, 1851, \$5.25; "Marble Faun," 1860, \$5.50; "Old Home," 1863, \$4.75; J. G. Holland, "Every-day Briefs," 1876, \$1.70; O. W. Holmes, "The Autocrat," 1831-'2, \$5; new series, 1858, \$18; "Currents and Counter-Currents," 1860, \$5.50; W. Irving [translation by, in part, rare], F. Depons, "Voyage," etc., N. Y., J. Riley, 1806, \$10.50; "Margaret M. Davidson," 1841, \$5.50; Longfellow, "Proverbs Dramaticques," Portland, 1830, \$5.50; "Soggi," 1832, \$5; "Poems," illustrations by Huntington, Philadelphia, 1845, \$10; "Kavanagh," 1849, \$3.50; "Hiawatha," 1855, \$4.25; "Miles Standish," 1858, \$4.25; "Wayside Inn," 1863, \$4.25; "Flower-de-Luce," 1867, \$4; "Poems of the Old South," 1877, \$3; "Skeleton in Armor," 1877, \$3.25; "The Divine Tragedy," 13 vols., 8vo, uncut, Boston, 1867, \$9. The catalogue of the collection, compiled by Mr. Montgomery, will interest collectors.

Publications Received

Anderson, William. Japanese Wood Engravings. London: Seeley & Co.
Art Loan Monographs. 3 pamphlets. New York: Art Loan Exhibition.
Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale. 1876-1886.
Balzac, Honoré de. Eugénie Grandet. Edited by Eugénie Bergeron.
Bentson, Th. (Mme. Blanc). The Condition of Woman in the United States. Henry Holt & Co.
Bey, Aleph. That Eurasian. \$1.25. Roberts Bros.
Bournot, J. G. Elected or Appointed Officials? F. Tennyson Neely.
Phila: Amer. Acad. Polit. & Soc. Science.

Bridges, Robert. Suppressed Chapters. \$1.25.
Cargill, J. F. A Freak in Finance.
Case, William S. Forward House. \$1.
Cervantes. Don Quixote. Tr. by Henry E. Watts. Vol. III. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Chambers, Arthur. "Our Life After Death." \$1. Phila: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Chapman, Frank M. Birds of Eastern North America. \$3. D. Appleton & Co.
Clementson, George B. Road Rights and Liabilities of Wheelmen. 75c.
Chicago: Callaghan & Co.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Fleming H. Revell Co.
D. Appleton & Co.
Deion, Daniel. Memoirs of a Cavalier. Edited by George A. Aitken. \$1.
Macmillan & Co.
Dole, Nathan H. A Madonna of the Alps. \$1.25.
Dresser, H. W. The Power of Silence. \$1.50.
Foster, M. A Text-Book of Physiology. 5 vols. \$5.
Gall, John. Popular Science. 50c.
Goodnow, Frank J. Municipal Home Rule. \$1.50.
Hall, Basil. Voyages and Travels.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. 5.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare.
Lee, James P. Golf in America. \$1.
Lord, William S. Blue and Gold.
MacLagan, Thomas T. Royal English Dictionary and Word Treasury.
May, Sophie. Jimmy Boy. 75c.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Philip Vernon. \$1.
McFall, Crawford. With the Zeb Field Force. \$4.50.
Molesworth, Mrs. Sheila's Mystery. \$1.00.
Montreux, F. F. Into the Highways and Hedges. \$1.
Mun, Thomas. Economic Classics. Edited by W. J. Ashley. 75c.
Macmillan & Co.
Nautilus, Duc de. How to Save Bimetallism. 50c.
Phila: Amer. Academy Polit. & Soc. Science.
Papers and Addresses of Martin B. Anderson. Edited by William C. Morey. 2 vols. \$2.50.
Putnam, Daniel. A Manual of Pedagogics. Phila: Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
Reignolds-Winslow, C. M. Readings from the Old English Dramatists a part. Lee & Shepard.
Remson, Ira. A Plea for a Lower Standard in Colleges. 50c.
Royal Handbook of Common Things and Useful Information. 50c.
Russell, Israel C. Present and Extinct Lakes of Nevada. Amer. Book Co.
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Children of the Soil. Tr. by Jeremiah Curtin. \$2.
Little, Brown & Co.
Sizemane, R. de la. La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine. 50c.
Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Strange, Edward F. Alphabets. \$2.75.
The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vol. V. \$1.50.
Macmillan & Co.
The Head of a Hundred. Edited by Maud W. Goodwin. \$1.25.
Little, Brown & Co.
Tolstoy, Count Leo. Master and Man. Tr. by A. Hulme Beaman. D. Appleton & Co.
Tucker, George F. Your Will: How to Make It. \$1.
Underwood, Francis H. Doctor Gray's Quest. \$1.75.
Varney, Geo. J. Patriots' Day: Concord and Lexington. 60c.
Verlaine, Paul. Poems. Tr. by Gertrude Hall. \$1.50.
White, Frank H. Christian Baptism. 50c.
Whitney, Edson L. Government of the Colony of South Carolina. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Williams, Jesse Lynch. Princeton Stories. \$1.
Winter, William. Shakespeare's England. 50c.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. Birdcraft. \$1.
Wiseley, Viscount. The Decline and Fall of Napoleon. \$1.25.
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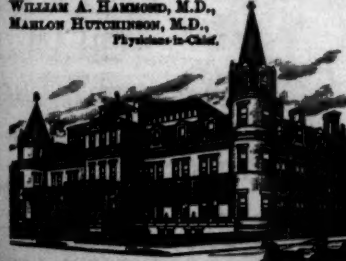
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